

## *Partial Contents*

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*Karma and  
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## *Our Policy*

*World Theosophy* is an unsectarian publication dedicated to the art of living, to world Brotherhood, and to the dissemination of truth. Theosophy means Divine Wisdom.

Contributions will be considered on the subjects of Theosophy, philosophy, religion, education, science, psychology, art, health, citizenship, social service, and all other branches of humanitarian endeavor.

Contributors are earnestly requested to remember that harmony, understanding, and co-operation are vital essentials of practical brotherhood, and are impeded by controversial opinions of a critical, personal nature.

The pages of this magazine are open to all phases of thought provided they are in consonance with the ideals of Theosophy. But the Editor is not responsible for any declarations of opinions expressed by contributors.

*"The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, the preference of it; and the belief of truth, the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature."*



# World Theosophy

A Journal Devoted to the Art of Living

Marie R. Hotchener, Editor

(Formerly Co-Editor of *The Theosophist*)

Henry Hotchener, Publisher

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# *Disarmament*

*The Better Way*

(A World Peace Poster, 31 Union Square, New York)



## Over the Wide World

*Union and Coöperation Are Indispensable.—Master K. H.*

As we go to press the eyes of the world, shining with a new fire of hope and determination, are turning to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, and there is great concern in their gaze. What will be the outcome of that momentous gathering where fifty nations will be represented?

According to the plan that is to be laid before them, the governments are to limit and, so far as possible, to reduce their land, naval and air armaments, to prohibit the use of poison gas and germs in warfare, and to create a permanent disarmament commission to keep in touch with the armament situation and publish reports.

It is the thoughts of the many millions of those who *determine* that there *shall* be peace, that will finally accomplish it. National interests should be determined first, and personal interests second, ere the success of the Conference can be achieved—nation with nation, state with state, man with man, a world safety in

unity. It is in disarmament, not in armament, that lies the safety of the world.

John Randall in *World Unity* puts a strong plea to every individual:

In the last analysis the burden of responsibility rests upon the rank and file of the people in all leading countries. As Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Minister, expressed it in a recent speech: "My only fear is that nations will not show their governments *in time* that they can count upon their support for all reductions however drastic, to which the Conference may agree." Throughout the civilized world petitions for disarmament are now being circulated to be presented to the Conference at Geneva. All organizations working for world peace are united in coöperative effort to secure millions of signatures to these petitions.

Fear of another failure lurks in countless hearts, but this time *we must not fail*; and we, the people, *can exert the deciding influence, if we will*. If every minister of whatever faith, every teacher of whatever school or college, every public leader wherever he may stand, should give himself to the task of arousing an intelligent and insistent public opinion in his own com-

munity demanding of the respective governments definite action in disarmament, then we would not fail.

Thoughts can break down even the defenses of heaven, it is somewhere said, but we should become magicians using its power to erect defenses against the demons of war that would make a hell on earth. So let our thoughts help recondition the world to peace.

But thought needs to be supplemented by action. As H. G. Wells recently said:

Not only international warfare, but the preparation for international war also, become criminal activities and resistance to them a plain duty for the world citizen. But the two things depend upon one another, and I think there is no justification for the war-resister who is not prepared to work continually for the cosmopolitan organization of the common interests of men and who does not do everything in his or her power for the new education, the reëducation of our race to meet its present needs and opportunities.

What can we do? We can join and help the many great movements for peace and disarmament. Have all of us signed the Einstein declaration declining to have part in war? It thrills one to read the following:

Three thousand young men in Sweden have signed the following declaration: "I pledge myself not to take part in or support any kind of war, either between nations or between my fellow citizens, and to work for total disarmament, for the removal of all causes of war, and for a new social and international order, founded upon the pacifist principle of co-operation for the common good."

Nor are creative thoughts and actions for peace enough, there

must be great emotion, our souls crying for the love of brotherhood to alchemize the peoples of the world. If you find it difficult to arouse the full expression of this love for your brotherman, a love that sends you to your knees praying God to open some avenue of peace service, read the following, by Erich Remarque, in *The Road Back*, and learn what a soldier suffered—the way he regards war:

We were duped, I tell you, duped as even yet we hardly realize. . . . can't you see? They stuffed out the word "Patriotism" with all the twaddle of their fine phrases, with their desire for glory, their will to power, their false romanticism, their stupidity, their greed of business, and then paraded it before us as a shining ideal! And we thought they were sounding a bugle summoning us to a new, a more strenuous, a larger life. . . . But we were making war against ourselves without knowing it! Every shot that struck home, struck one of us! Can't you see? Then listen, and I will bawl it into your ears. The youth of the world rose up in every land, believing that it was fighting for freedom! And in every land they were duped and misused; in every land they have been shot down, they have experimented with each other! Don't you see now? There is only one fight, the fight against the lie, the half-truth, compromise, against the old order. But we let ourselves be taken in by their fine phrases; and instead of fighting against them, we fought for them. We thought it was for the Future. It was against the Future. Our future is dead, for the youth is dead that carried it. . . . A generation annihilated! A generation of hope, of faith, of will, of strength, of ability, so hypnotized that they have shot down one another, though over the whole world they all had the same purpose.

And by the time you read this,

great and small international minds will be around the Disarmament Conference table. May the Power of the Inner Government of the world pour upon them, Their Will direct them, Their Peace brood over them, so that a mighty stride forward may be taken on the road which leads to understanding and world peace! So Mote It Be!

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We have received joyful news of Dr. Besant's health. She was well enough to speak quite at length at the recent International Convention at Adyar, goes for drives, and the will to live has replaced the quite recent desire to go.

The sympathy that has streamed to Dr. Besant in her illness is world-wide. We read the following from the Vancouver, B. C., *Sun*:

Whether the struggles of Mrs. Annie Besant against serious illness in far-off Madras result in a few more years of life or in her death the world can look to her memory as a fine symbol of accomplishment by a woman in a world built for men.

Far away back in the years when women were struggling for the franchise and for a recognition of their equality with men, Annie Besant was forging her way by sheer intellectual ability and spiritual understanding to a high place in a religious society noted for the keen mentality of its members.

The principles of Theosophy may be right or they may be wrong. But Theosophists are neither fools nor charlatans. And it is no slight honor for a woman in her eighty-fifth year to find herself at the head of an order famed for its intellectuality.

Mrs. Besant's position was gained without the help of organizations or of propaganda. She is eminent in her own right.

Her full and useful life is a compliment to all womanhood, an ornament and an inspiration to the sex to which she belongs.

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The early days of February will bring back to me vividly very precious thoughts of Adyar in 1907, just before Colonel Olcott's death, and then on the 17th the unforgettable memories of his death, cremation, and world tributes that were paid him. Some day I shall write the full details of the four months prior to his passing, for I was near him every day of that time.

The coming August number of this magazine will be a Centenary Number in his honor, and I will appreciate for publication in it any articles, incidents, memories, etc., of him that members may wish to send me.

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The 17th of February is the birthday of Bishop Leadbeater. We send him our heartfelt congratulations and hope the coming years will touch him as lightly as the past ones have done. The passing years do not seem to steal any of the fire of his zeal or the enthusiasm of his devotion to the Masters' work.

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For a few months, or until the next Camp, Krishnamurti will give talks in the Star Camp Oak Grove at Ojai, California, at 11 a. m. every Sunday.

He is greatly enjoying a rest from traveling and is in the best of health.

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Those of us who love India hope sincerely that the dire prophecy of Raphael the As-

trologer, in London, may not be fulfilled. In his predictions for the New Year of 1932 (published last October) he states that "India will be overwhelmed with dissension and will break into revolution against England. India is entering a period of misfortune that may prove to be the most awe-inspiring problem of the year."

Miss Elsie Hulet Gamble sent us the following lines of a plea to England:

England, beloved England!  
Proud Monarch of the Sea—  
Upraise thy regal hand  
In love o'er India's land.

Forget that thou wert mann'd  
For conquest; reach forth thy hand  
And bid thy brothers stand  
Worthy of that Sacred Land.

Waft aside the somber veil of night,  
The darkest hour before the dawn of  
Light,

Ope wide the portal of His might—  
Peace follows in the wake of Right!

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Dr. John Haynes Holmes, the Editor of *Unity*, Chicago, touches the heart of the disarmament question when he predicts the time when peace will actually be recognized as a moral test of civilization:

I believe that the people today are not only alarmed by the destructive power of armaments, and crushed by the burden of their expense, but also stirred in conscience by their character and significance. We are on the eve, in other words, of a moral awakening on this question of war and preparations for war. Men at last are beginning to see that war is disgraceful, horrible, obscene, and fundamentally inconsistent with the principles and ideals of the religions which we profess. By the same token also they

are beginning to see that preparations for war, like war itself, are disgraceful, horrible, obscene, and fundamentally inconsistent with our religion.

In the light of modern knowledge and ideals, it is becoming intolerable that nations armed to the teeth should go swashbuckling around the world, as Japan is swashbuckling in Manchuria today, stirring our fears and disturbing our peace, just as it became intolerable years ago that individuals armed with knives and guns should do this thing in towns and villages. In our civic relations we years ago made it a test of civilization that individuals should be disarmed and live in friendly relations with their neighbors. In the same way we are coming to the time in our international relations when we shall make it a test of civilization that nations shall be disarmed and live at peace with one another. We are learning to apply, in other words, the ideal as well as the practical test to this armament question, and are thus eager to get rid of armies and navies because they are wrong as well as dangerous and expensive.

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We have received some splendid reports of the fine work done by the Ohio Federation of T. S. Lodges. Other Federations would no doubt be interested in its effective activities. If so, they can receive full information from its President, Mrs. Jennie E. Bollenbacher, 33 Souder Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

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We regret that there is not space in this issue for the promised suggestive Meatless Diet menus for children and adults. They will appear next month.

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Will Durant in writing a program for the youth of America expresses a new Ten Command-

ments for them that ought to interest and determine those of other lands also. The Commandments are put in the form of a Hypocratic Oath:

1. I will do unto others as I would have them do unto me.
2. I will honor myself by self-development and growth; I will honor my family more than myself, my country more than my family, and humanity more than my country.
3. I will honor my body as well as my soul, and will mold it by knowledge and temperance into a temple of cleanliness and health.
4. I will grow in wisdom and understanding, in justice and courtesy.
5. I will marry with foresight as well as with love.
6. I will surpass, not duplicate, myself in my children.
7. I will speak no evil of any man.
8. I will compete in the creation of beauty rather than in the acquisition of wealth.
9. I will coöperate willingly and never exploit.
10. I will do my job and be of good cheer.

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I have received the following letter with the request that it be published:

Dear Mrs. Hotchener:

I would like to tell you what I do with past issues of *World Theosophy*.

I cut out various articles on diet, science, peace, Theosophy, etc., and mail them to influential people in my city. There are some who are hungry for the knowledge contained therein, and so I try to feed them in this way.

One day as I was placing the magazines in my bookcase I got a feeling that I was "piling up treasures" selfishly. So I decided to give my treasures *away* in the future, especially to those too poor to subscribe. As a reward I have had many lovely letters from people thanking me for my thoughtfulness, people now learning of

the treasures of Theosophy. For example, I cut out the article entitled "Emerson on War," and sent it to a minister. He acknowledged the article and said he would use it in a sermon.

There are infinite ways in which we may be of service to others and to Theosophy without even leaving our doorsteps.

I wish to express my appreciation of your valuable magazine and the fine work for our Cause that it is accomplishing.

Ever yours sincerely,

Henriette Posner,

552 Humboldt St., Rochester, N. Y.

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Readers doubtless have noticed that each number of this magazine devotes many of its columns to some special subject, the present one being Reincarnation and Karma—the law of Compensation or Cause and Effect.

This emphasis on some subject each month has a special purpose: One of the ideals of the magazine is to unify the teachings of Theosophy with modern trends of thought, and to emphasize and keep living in the minds of its readers those teachings; we must be constantly impregnating the public mind with them, *thinking*, living, writing, acting, and speaking them. This not only impregnates the public mind but fills the thought realms or atmosphere of the world with an added power to *suggestionize* individuals who are hungering for such truths as will explain the complex enigmas of existence. *World Theosophy* goes to about one hundred public libraries and thereby is a powerful agent for this purpose.

Theosophists, having themselves received the vital truths of

Theosophy, are in danger of becoming apathetic, not only in keeping these truths living within their own minds, but in forgetting to make them living for others' minds. So many forget that it is their bounden duty to spread them, as H.P.B. so emphatically pointed out.

There are a great mass of misconceptions extant about reincarnation and karma, of which doctrines, so a Great One has said, the public has the greatest need at this stage of evolution. Therefore we hope that this number especially may have the added support of many readers who may not be subscribers, as well as an extra effort on the part of those who are, to circulate extra copies.

A member should study and comprehend the Theosophical doctrines and teach them to others.

He should not only teach but should carry out the teachings in his individual life.

He should take every opportunity

to explain what Theosophy is and what it is not, creating interest in the subject.

He should assist in spreading the literature.

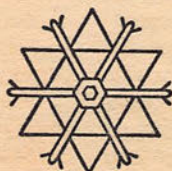
Each shall live for all, and all for each, which is one of the fundamental Theosophical principles by which every Theosophist must put in practice the loftiest ideals, and must strive to realize his unity with the whole of humanity, and work ceaselessly for others. "Theosophist is who Theosophy does!"—H.P.B., *Key to Theosophy*

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In our last issue we stated that it might be necessary to make this magazine a bi-monthly. We are now happy to say that this will not be necessary. Subscriptions and donations are coming in steadily, though slowly, and we are encouraged to hope that this will continue, and that the successful future of the magazine as a monthly is assured. We thank our friends and readers for their coöperation in this work, consecrated to Theosophy.

## *Reincarnation—A Definition*

Reincarnation is a series of opportunities for the spiritual realization of pure being. Until you realize that pure being (in which is the cessation of all effort) you must have a series of opportunities. But if you, as an individual, are highly concentrated in awareness in the present, then you live that series of opportunities now.—J. Krishnamurti





## Reincarnation and Karma

By H. P. Blavatsky



OR logic, consistency, profound philosophy, divine mercy and equity, this doctrine of reincarnation has not its equal on earth.

It is a belief in a perpetual progress for each incarnating ego or divine soul, in an evolution from the outward into the inward, from the material to the spiritual. The law of karma (law of compensation) is inextricably interwoven with that of reincarnation. . . .

Those who believe in karma have to believe in destiny, which, from birth to death, every man is weaving, thread by thread, around himself, as a spider does his cobweb; and this destiny is guided either by the heavenly voice of the invisible prototype outside of us, or by our more intimate astral or inner man, who is but too often the evil genius of the embodied entity called man. Both these lead on the outward man, but one of them must prevail; and from the very beginning of the invisible affray the stern and implacable law of compensation steps in and takes its course, faithfully following the fluctuations. When the last strand is woven, and man is seemingly enwrapped in the network of his own doing, then he finds himself completely under the empire of this self-made destiny. . . .

An Occultist or a philosopher will not speak of the goodness or cruelty of

Providence; but, identifying it with karma, he will teach that, nevertheless, it guards the good and watches over them in this as in future lives; and that it punishes the evil-doer—aye, even to his seventh rebirth—so long as the effect of his having thrown into perturbation even the smallest atom in the infinite world of harmony has not been finally readjusted. For the only decree of karma—an eternal and immutable decree—is absolute harmony in the world of matter as it is in the world of spirit. It is not, therefore, karma that rewards or punishes, but it is *we who reward or punish ourselves* according to whether we work with, through, and along with nature, abiding by the laws on which that harmony depends, or—break them.

Nor would the ways of karma be inscrutable were men to work in union and harmony, instead of disunion and strife. For our ignorance of those ways—which one portion of mankind calls the ways of Providence, dark and intricate; while another sees in them the action of blind fatalism; and a third, simple chance, with neither gods nor devils to guide them—would surely disappear if we would but attribute all these to their correct cause. . . .

We stand bewildered before the mystery of our own making, and the riddles of life that we will not solve, and then accuse the great Sphinx of

devouring us. But verily there is not an accident of our lives, not a misshapen day, or a misfortune, that could not be traced back to our own doings in this or in another life. . . .

It is only this doctrine that can explain to us the mysterious problem of good and evil, and reconcile man to the terrible and apparent injustice of life. Nothing but such certainty can quiet our revolted sense of justice. For, when one unacquainted with the noble doctrine looks around him and observes the inequalities of birth and fortune, of intellect and capacities; when one sees honor paid to fools and profligates, on whom fortune has heaped her favors by mere privilege of birth, and their nearest neighbor, with all his intellect and noble virtues—far more deserving in every way—perishing for want and for lack of sympathy; when one sees all this and has to turn away, helpless to relieve the undeserved suffering, one's ears ringing and heart aching with the cries of pain around him—that blessed knowledge of karma alone prevents him from cursing life and men as well as their supposed creator. . . .

This law, whether conscious or unconscious, predestines nothing and no one. It exists from and in eternity truly, for it is eternity itself; and as such, since no act can be coequal with eternity, it cannot be said to act, for it is action itself. It is not the wave which drowns the man, but the

personal action of the wretch who goes deliberately and places himself under the impersonal action of the laws that govern the ocean's motion. Karma creates nothing, nor does it design. It is man who plants and creates causes, and karmic law adjusts the effects, which adjustment is not an act but universal harmony, tending ever to resume its original position, like a bough, which, bent down too forcibly, rebounds with corresponding vigor. If it happen to dislocate the arm that tried to bend it out of its natural position, shall we say it is the bough which broke our arm or that our own folly has brought us to grief? Karma has never sought to destroy intellectual and individual liberty, like the god invented by the monotheists. It has not involved its decrees in darkness purposely to perplex man, nor shall it punish him who dares to scrutinize its mysteries. On the contrary, he who through study and meditation unveils its intricate paths, and throws light on those dark ways, in the windings of which so many men perish owing to their ignorance of the labyrinth of life—is working for the good of his fellow-men. Karma is an absolute and eternal law in the world of Cause, believers in karma cannot be regarded as atheists or materialists, still less as fatalists, for karma is one with the Unknowable, of which it is an aspect, in its effects in the phenomenal world.—*Secret Doctrine*.

### *The River of Time*

Is not the body forever transformed, and flows it not ever  
 Into the river of time? And in ceaseless alternation  
 Doth it not cast off the old for the new, ever losing and gaining? . . .  
 Thus springs life into light and bodies rise to perfection. . . .  
 And back to the seed flies the spirit, but thence he again reënters  
 The world eternal and ageless.

—Giordano Bruno

# *The Necessity for Reincarnation\**

*By Annie Besant, D.Litt., P.T.S.*



**W**HAT is the meaning of reincarnation? It means that man is a spiritual being clothed in bodies of matter; the man is the spiritual intelligence, the bodies are only a garment. As one of you may clothe yourself in a coat or a cloth, but not regard that garment as yourself, so does a spiritual intelligence clothe himself in garments of matter, the bodies; but these are not the man, any more than your clothes are yourselves. This spiritual intelligence, which is to unfold all his powers, comes to gain experience in order that the divine capacities in him may thereby be unfolded.

And this conception of a man as a spiritual being belonging to the higher worlds lies at the base of the thought of reincarnation. He comes to earth, takes a body which there is prepared for him; he is not yet manifestly divine; he has to learn to master matter by long experience and by many lessons. He comes into the body of the savage, wherein his experiences are crude and rough indeed, but yet yield lessons difficult enough for him to learn—the first lessons of human experience. He passes away to the other side of death to learn by the lessons of pain the errors which he has made, and by the lessons of enjoyment the right thoughts and feelings he has had, and during the later part of that post-mortem life he assimilates what he gathered on earth. Having changed the experiences into powers, into capacities mental and moral, he comes back into birth—enters into a better body, suitable to the more unfolded conditions of the spirit which is himself. He lives in this throughout his earthly life, again changing experiences into capacities in the other worlds, the after-death life lengthening as he

evolves, and so on, and on, and on, and on, until he has climbed from the point of the savage up to the point where he has become the man made perfect, whom we call a Master. He is no longer a pupil, he who has no more to learn. Then, and then only, can he be released from the wheel of births and deaths, to pass on to a magnificent superhuman evolution in which his now unfolded consciousness scales inconceivable heights, until he reaches union with Deity Himself.

This, then, is what is meant by reincarnation. I must try to show why it is necessary for men.

The necessity that I will put to you is threefold. First: It is necessary from the logical standpoint, to satisfy the reason. Without it, life is a hopeless riddle, a problem which defies solution. There is no suffering keener and sharper to the intelligence than the sense that everything around is hopelessly unintelligible. But reincarnation makes all life intelligible; a flood of light pours over human life, and we can see it in its inception, its evolution, and its goal.

Second: Reincarnation is necessary scientifically. The science of the day can no longer answer the questions pressed upon it. It thought it could answer these questions twenty or thirty years ago. Darwin thought he had answered them. But no scientific man will tell you today that the Darwinian hypothesis can be accepted in all its main principles as solving many of the most important problems of human evolution. Science today is dumb before them. It has lost one solution; it has not found another.

Third: Reincarnation is necessary morally, and to some people this covers the most important problems of all. Some are content to live in an intellectual fog, and seem to find no

\* A synthesis of two lectures.

trouble in breathing it; but no one who is really good at heart can face without anguish the moral problems of life, unless indeed he knows reincarnation, and then he realizes that all is very good.

Let us look at a primeval savage, and try for a moment to realize what he is. Take any savage of the lowest type; the aborigines of Australia, the Veddhas of Ceylon, the hairy men of Borneo—they are scarcely human, and yet they *are* human; their language is more of signs and of sounds expressive of emotion than of words; it really is little better than the language of an ape.

Try to realize a savage mentally and morally; he has practically no mind and no morals, only the germs of them. You can read about such men in the records of the voyages of travelers, how some of them can only count one, two, three, and no more. The savage is God-made. Is that narrow brutal life all that the world has to give him, the world which to some of us is so fair and wonderful a thing? Is that poor inchoate mind of his to be the only heritage of that child of man, that offspring of the humanity which produces saints and heroes and geniuses? Is that all he is to know of this marvelous world, of all the beauty and grandeur and the possibilities of life? I do not say he can learn life's lessons all in one life; he comes to earth-life and out of it over and over again, until at last the early lessons of life are graven into the Spirit, until he learns that it is not well to murder and to steal, until he dimly begins to recognize a law which gives to every man according to his works.

I have come across a case in which a savage babe, taken from a village which had been destroyed and all the inhabitants slain, brought over to England by a kindly missionary lady, was found unable, despite all the advantage of moral surroundings and teachings, to respond to the most elementary moral ideas; there was nothing in her which could answer to all the efforts and appeals of her instructors.

Let us consider another difficulty:

What is the use of all the qualities that we build up, even in one life, with effort and suffering? A man goes through a long life and becomes wise; we ask the counsel of the aged, and we find his advice better worth having than that of the young and careless, but he dies at the very moment when he is most valuable, when out of the experience of life he has wrought the gold of wisdom, and he passes away into heaven or hell, where, in either case, the wisdom is useless. It is earth that wants these men grown old in wisdom, and if all our best and wisest and noblest are taken away into worlds where there is no opportunity to use the wisdom they have garnered, into worlds where wisdom is useless, because every one is irretrievably saved or damned, then the whole of human experience is thrown on the rubbish-heap of nature. The more you think on reasonable and logical lines, the more inevitable will reincarnation be seen to be.

#### REINCARNATION AND SCIENCE

Reincarnation is necessary from the scientific standpoint. In the days when Darwin published his theory of evolution, everything was made to turn upon the transmission of qualities from parents to offspring, and on the struggle for existence, which secured the best parents for this transmission. But if parents do not transmit, then the whole key to progress as given by Darwin is lost, for everything turns on that transmission. The reason he desired that struggle should continue was that he saw in struggle the only hope of human progress; only thus could the weaker be slain and the strong survive, to be the parents of the coming generations. When I was studying the working of the Law of Population, I wrote to Darwin on the subject, and his answer was that we must not soften the struggle, because if we did the human race would cease to progress. Transmission of qualities gained by individual struggle was the only method of progress.

But that is not the view of the scientist of today; he now tells us that

parents do not transmit their mental and moral qualities to their offspring; on the contrary, he says that the higher the intellectual qualifications, the lower the reproductive power. He declares that genius is sterile. He points out how musical genius is, as it were, foreshadowed for several generations. As a matter of fact, a family shows some musical ability until a physical body is prepared with sensitive ear, sensitive fingers, sensitive nerves, so that the physical characteristics necessary for a musical genius may be prepared. Into that body the genius comes, shows his power, conquers the world and dies—and instead of any handing on of his genius, thus lifting the race, his children, if he has any, are mediocre, and ere long the family disappears. Where are the families that produced Beethoven and Mozart, or other great musical geniuses of the past? And everywhere science repeats the same truth! there is no mental or moral heredity, genius does not descend; *it is the death-knell of human progress, unless reincarnation be true.*

Another scientific problem arises. How were the social qualities evolved? By the struggle for existence? But in that struggle those who are least social will be most successful. You can see it around you: in the competitive struggle of human life today it is not the most honorable who is the most successful man; it is rather the man who accepts the business morality of the day and does not look into it too closely; in the modern commercial struggle not the best men come to the top, but the worse—clever, yes, but unscrupulous also.

#### THE MORAL NECESSITY FOR REINCARNATION

To my mind, the third necessity, the moral, is the most potent argument of all for reincarnation, for justice and love must be dethroned in this universe unless reincarnation be true. There are two other possibilities. One is special creation by God; the other is heredity. The first is that in which most Christians believe. Now both of these leave man paralyzed and helpless, in the

grip of a destiny he cannot influence.

If special creation be true, where is justice, to say nothing of love? One is born a congenital idiot, another a genius, one a cripple, another strong; one grasping and greedy, another magnanimous and generous; these differences show themselves in the nursery, even before the babe can walk. Who made the differences? God? That implies *injustice* enthroned over the universe; it implies the helplessness of man. I have sometimes drawn a picture of what is implied in special creation, in the mistaken idea that each human soul comes straight from the hands of God:

Come with me into the slums, where the houses are rotten with age, ingrained with filth, untouched by sun or air. Come along a narrow, filthy lane, full of rotting vegetables, into a little court. Come down the broken stairs that lead into an underground cellar which the sun can never touch; heavy and foul and filthy is the air which the miserable creatures who herd there must breathe. In the corner of the cellar a woman is lying on a heap of filthy rags. She has just given birth to a child, a male child. Look at the shape of its head and features; see that he has no forehead; the brain slopes back from the eyebrows to the back of the head, which comes up to an almost acute angle. That child is a congenital criminal; he will have strong passions and weak intelligence; he is doomed to crime and misery throughout the span of his unhappy life on earth. He is a poor wretched little mortal with a human spirit; fresh-made, they tell us, from the hands of God. The mother? a harlot of the streets; the father? perhaps a drunken sailor from the docks; who knows? From infancy this child only hears foul language, curses, and filthy terms. His baby lips learn to stammer curses before he knows what they mean. He is brought up on blows and kicks, sent out to steal, and sent supperless to bed, writhing in pain, if he does not bring enough of the results of theft to pay for the evening meal. And so from year to year, knowing

nothing of love, nothing of kindness and caresses, until, still a child, he falls into the hands of the police. It is before the days of children's courts, of "first offences," and the child-thief is sent to herd with elder criminals in the gaol, and to come out worse than he went in. He knows the law only as an enemy, not as a helper, a teacher. No one teaches him; every man's hand is against him; now he has the brand of the gaol on him, though verily that matters little to him; back and back he comes to crime after crime, and punishment after punishment, bewildered, confused, savage, until that miserable product of modern civilization, the habitual criminal, is known in every court to which he is brought. At last in some moment of passion, perhaps of drunkenness, he strikes too hard and kills one of his companions; the law grips him for the last time; standing in the dock he dumbly hears the evidence against him; confused, miserable, he is led back to the condemned cell; and then from the condemned cell, in the chill of the winter morning, to the gallows, and from the gallows his dead body is thrust into the pit-lime grave in the prison-yard. And then? What will you do with him? He is obviously too imperfect for heaven nor would he be happy there, and yet you cannot send to everlasting hell a man who never had a chance.

This is the story not of one, but of many, in all civilized lands. It is not as though that were the best work that comes from the Creator's hands. Better can be done. Into another home in that same London a child, a male child, is born with every advantage, amid pure surroundings and welcomed by tender, parental love; his head is shaped for the indwelling of genius, with well-modelled skull, with delicately chiselled features, that tell of sensitive emotions and high ideals. He is watched over with scrupulous care. He is coaxed into virtue and caressed into nobility, as the other was kicked into crime. He never hears of foulness and impurity. His mother and father guide and guard his steps. He is given the best education which civilization

can offer; he passes on from the public school to the college, the university. He is praised and laden with prizes for abilities he did not make; he goes on from joy to joy, from achievement to achievement; he is as much favored of the Supreme as the other was made an outcast by Him; and he dies after a life of glory, as the other after a life of crime, amid a nation's mourning, with his name written in the roll of great men illustrating the nation's history.

What had each done? He had been born! Nothing more! You *cannot* believe in *special* creation by a God of Love when you face these difficulties. To believe in it is to blaspheme the Divine Justice upon which the hopes of humanity are set. I say nothing of Love. I appeal only to Justice. I put it in the coldest, driest way of Justice. Such a man flung from the gallows into the so-called "Presence of God," standing at the divine Bar of Judgment, has the right to say: "Why hast Thou made me thus?" And equally the genius also may reasonably ask: "Why hast Thou made *me* thus?" Oh! it is no use to answer with the words in *Romans*: "Has not the potter power over the clay?" No, not if the clay is sentient, not if it is instinct with life, able to suffer and enjoy. None has the right to create in order to torture or destroy, to condemn to crime here and to hell hereafter.

This is the necessity of reincarnation from the moral standpoint, and it is stronger than the intellectual necessity, more truly unanswerable. You may say that I exaggerate, and that I have taken extreme types. I have taken extreme types, but both types exist, and all I have done is to put them side by side, so that the contrast may startle you into thought, and that you may ask yourself—and answer—whether God can have specially made both the congenital criminal and the genius. *If not both, then neither.*

According to reincarnation there is no difficulty; the criminal is a young not yet unfolded spirit, a savage; the other is a spirit, aged in experience;

both are the results of their own past self-created from within.

The criminal is thus explained by reincarnation, as we have seen. He is only a young ego in the savage state—nothing to be very sorry about, but something to help. Train the criminal and educate him; do not punish him with harshness, for punishment which is revengeful injures still further the ego who has come into one's hands. Certainly do not set him free, any more than you would set free a dangerous animal to prey upon society, for he also is dangerous in his criminal state. But do not make his life miserable. When criminology has become a science based upon reincarnation, then, and then only, will habitual criminals disappear. Prisons will become schools which shall educate, train, and refine, the elders will begin to realize their duties to their youngers, and instead of giving them votes will help them to develop virtues. That is a better way of dealing with criminals than the methods we employ in the so-called civilized nations of our day.

Why are some people born deformed, dwarfs, and cripples? That is the result of cruelties inflicted by them previously upon others, paid for by deformities in a later—the present—birth.

Cruelty is not considered as seriously as it ought to be among us. It is one of the worst crimes, because it is against the law of love, and when inflicted on the helpless who are in our keeping, it is the worst of all. Good intention is sometimes pleaded as an excuse for cruelty. The inquisitor wanted to save men's souls, but he ought to have found out a better way of saving them than by rack and fire. So with the vivisector: he wants to save men's bodies, but he ought to find a better way of doing it than through the torture of animals. So, with the school-master: he had far better eradicate faults by love and by good example rather than drive them under the surface of character by the cane. For every cruel act on the part of the strong is bad not only for the

suffering it inflicts, but also for the *moral* results, the cowardice, the servility, and the fear which it implants, as well as for ensuring its own perpetuation, since the weak youth, treated cruelly, becomes in his turn cruel when he is a strong adult.

Why do we love and hate? Because of our past relations with the people we now love and hate. Some think that reincarnation means that persons will be separated from those they love. There is nothing more striking in tracing a series of lives, than to see how nothing in heaven or earth can slay love, or break its tie. When there is love, a link is formed between the egos, and it cannot be broken by the icy hand of death, nay, nor by rebirth. Back we come, old friends together—old enemies together too. Have you never felt when you met a person for the first time as if you had always known him? Two or three hours of talk between such people, and they will be more at home with each other than children of the same family. And some people you shrink back from at sight. *Reincarnation gives a permanency to friendship and love that nothing else can give; you feel you will never lose your friend.* Sometimes it helps you very much also, when a person whom you dearly love does not love you, or when you love much more than the other, so that the response is insufficient to give happiness. The one who knows reincarnation says: "My strong love has its root in the past. If it is not answered now, it is due to some injury that I have done to my friend in the past. Let me pour out more love, that I may pay my debt of wrong and then draw us together." Reincarnation makes us strong, able to bear and to endure; nothing in life is really unbearable, however sorrowful, when you know the origin and see the end. For when our lives are eternal, where is sorrow? where is pain?

#### WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER?

One question remains: "Why do we not remember?" That is the question which is always, and naturally, asked.

"If I have been here a hundred times before, why should I not remember?" Let me try to answer this question, even though I cannot hope to do more than make out a case that will urge you to enquiry and study. In your present lives you forget much more than you remember. Go back to your childhood—how much of it do you remember? Just a few things stand out—the first pony that was given to you, or, if you were a studious child, the first book; the first time you went in a boat, or on a railway journey. These you remember, but all those many, many days which made your childhood are lost. No, they are not. They are all bringable back to the memory sometime. The fact that you have a character and a conscience shows that you have a past where these were formed and built up. But we can go further. You are not living now in the brain, nor in the desire-nature, nor in the mind, in which you lived in the past. Your ego is the same, the garments of the ego are different, and the body you wear remembers only that which the body has experienced, and that comprises only the physical, emotional, and mental events and expressions of the present life. The brain is new. How should the brain that was not in the past life remember the events of the past life? Your desire-body is new; how should it remember the desires felt and satisfied in its predecessor? Your mind is new; how should it remember past thoughts? It is only you, you yourself, the living immortal ego, who can remember, because it—your higher self—has passed through all the experiences and forgets nothing. But it does not engrave its own eternal memory on the new garments endured for the gathering of fresh experiences. You can gain your memory if you choose to take the methods to gain it, and those are simple enough. Your energy is ever running outwards to the outer world; your interests, thoughts, and pleasures are there, and so all the inborn energy of the lasting and permanent you, the true "I," is always running outwards through the mind,

the desire-nature and the physical body. It ever seeks the outer. You must reverse its direction. You must turn inwards, if you would remember; inwards to the Divine Spirit, manifested as ego, in which alone resides the memory of the past. You can recover the memory by inward-turned meditation, by living in the higher instead of the lower, by living in the spirit instead of in the mind, the desire-nature or the body.

#### REINCARNATION AND RELIGION

Reincarnation is a doctrine which belongs also to Christendom as much as to any other people, to any other faith. Now every student knows that this doctrine was common amongst the Jews. You may read in their books that it was the common faith of the time. You can see it in the questions that in the Gospels are sometimes put to the disciples and to the Christ. Remember the words spoken by the Christ Himself to the disciples when they questioned Him of John the Baptist: "If you can receive it, this is Elijah." (Elijah had long been dead.) Remember Christ's answer when they brought to Him the challenge of the people outside: "How say the scribes that Elijah must first come?" His answer was: "He has come already; and they understood that He spoke to them of John the Baptist." This is simply one case showing the familiarity of the idea among the Jews, just as you may find it in the writings I refer to, that they said that all imperfect souls had to return to the earth. Then take, still within the limits of the Gospels themselves, that remarkable statement about the man born blind, "Which did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" Ante-natal sin. Now the answer that was given: "Neither did this man sin nor his parents that he was born blind," and another reason being given, is very significant. For if the knowledge of the Christ had been the same as the ordinary belief nowadays, that ante-natal sin is impossible, the only answer would have been: "Why ask me the foolish ques-

tion whether a man is born blind because of his sin? How could he sin before birth? A different reason was given for the blindness, but not a natural rebuke of the folly which ascribed a defect at birth to the sin of the individual who was born.

Let us turn to the writings and teachings of the great Fathers of the Church who lived in the early centuries after Christ, and see how often in their writings this doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul is taught. One of the plainest teachings of it is found in the writings of that noblest of the Fathers, Origen. He lays it down distinctly that each person born into the world receives a body *according to his deserts and his former actions*; a very very clear statement. And Origen, remember, was one of the grandest minds of which the early Church could boast, one of the noblest and purest characters, and he taught that doctrine definitely and clearly. Take other great bishops, and you will find them speaking along the same line; and for five-and-a-half centuries after the death of Christ that was a current doctrine of the Christian Church. And it never quite disappeared. Granted that it disappeared from the authorized, the official, teachings of the Roman Church, it survived in many of the so-called "heretical bodies." The Albigenses taught it. Many other bodies, through the Middle Ages and onward, claimed a truer tradition than that of the Roman Church, and carried this doctrine on as part of the primitive tradition. And when you read the various Christian writers, how often does this doctrine come to the front, especially amongst the philosophers and poets—the poets because of their intuitions; the philosophers because, as Hume said, the only doctrine of the immortality of the soul at which the philosopher can look is a doctrine that affirms its pre-existence.

I know what the doctrine of reincarnation has of hope, of strength, of encouragement, in the face of the difficulties in the world. I know what it

means for the heartbroken, who fall in despair before the puzzles of life, to have the light thrown upon it which makes life intelligible; for the misery of intellectual unrest is one of the worst miseries that we face in the modern world. To be able to understand what we are, to be able to understand whence we have come and whither we are going, to see all through the world one law as there is one life, to realize that *there is no partiality, no injustice, no unfair treatment of one human soul, no unfair treatment of one human life*; that all are growing; that all are evolving; that our elders are only elders and not different in kind from ourselves; that the youngest shall be as the oldest; that man has within him the developing spirit of his Father and shall therefore be perfect as God is perfect; that is the hope—nay, not the hope, the certainty—that this doctrine gives to the human soul.

*If I know, in this life of mine, that every effort I am making, every aspiration in which I lift my heart to God, every hope that I strive to realize, every service that imperfectly I try to do, is the seed of a harvest that shall have its reaping, is the building of a faculty that hereafter I may use in divine and human service; if I know that, however weak, however failing, however ignorant, everything that I learn is mine for everlasting, and that I shall come back again and again until all life's lessons are learned; ah! then I shall not break my heart because I am still ignorant, because I am still foolish, because I am still imperfect; I shall know that although I am weak today I shall be strong tomorrow. There is not one height reached by the highest saint which shall not also be mine in time to come, who am climbing the same ladder that he has climbed so long.*

This is the hope of evolution brought into the life of the individual; this the glory that reincarnation sheds on human life.



## Two Little Cherubs\*

By C. Jinarajadasa

Written March, 1911. Victoria, B.C., Canada, to the above design on a sheet of children's note paper:

Two little cherubs,  
(Dear little cherubs!)  
Seeking adventures  
Left Heaven their home.

Reincarnated,  
(Green little cherubs!)  
Found over-rated,  
And much inflated,  
Life's little bubble,  
The physical plane.

Two little cherubs,  
(Poor little cherubs!)  
Found only trouble  
Away from their home.  
In process of birth,  
On this horrid earth,  
In clumsy bodies,  
(Badly made lenses,  
With only five senses!)  
No more beautiful  
Light-streaming cherubs,  
(Wasn't it pitiful,  
Weep, other cherubs!)  
Reincarnated:  
Played with life's bubble,  
Soon pricked the bubble,  
Had sad adventures,  
And made bad ventures,  
(Poor—little—cherubs!)  
Till death sent them Home.

No more adventures  
For those two cherubs,

(Wise little cherubs!)  
Except adventures  
On the Atmic Plane.

### Moral

Listen, you cherubs,  
To this wise cherub,  
Get back to Heaven,  
Your only true home.  
There ever playing  
With the Great Cherub,  
Growing through playing  
With the Best Playmate,  
Sweet-singing Cherub,  
Sweet-smiling Cherub,  
Soon you shall evolve  
In the cherubs' way—  
The only true way  
For all to evolve!

### Envoy

O dear Great Cherub,  
O only Playmate,  
Recall a cherub,  
To Heaven his home.  
Soon, soon, say to him:  
"Come, little cherub,  
Be with me always,  
Play with me always,  
Dear little cherub,  
In Heaven your Home."

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\* As today, December 16, is the day my eyes opened to the physical plane, the above is my perfervid reply, written twenty years ago, to my friends—Theosophists too!—who want to congratulate me with their wishes for "many happy returns." Might I point out to Theosophists what the Mahachohan said in 1881: "Teach the people to see that life on this earth, even the happiest, is but a burden and delusion, . . . and the great struggle for life will soon lose its intensity."

# Death and Afterwards

By Sir Edwin Arnold

[This article by Sir Edwin Arnold, author of *The Light of Asia*, was published some years before his death by the London Fortnightly Review. We reprint it, knowing of what deep interest it will be to our readers.]

**M**AN is not by any means convinced as yet of his immortality. All the great religions have in concert affirmed it to him; but no sure logic proves it, and no entirely accepted voice from the farther world proclaims it. There is a restless instinct, an unquenchable hope, a silent discontent with the very best of transitory pleasures, which perpetually disturb his scepticism or shake his resignation; but only a few feel quite certain that they will never cease to exist. The vast majority either put the question aside, being absorbed in the pursuits of life; or grow weary of meditating it without result; or incline to think, not without melancholy satisfaction, that the death of the body brings an end to the individual. Of these, the happiest and most useful in their generation are the healthy-minded ones who are too full of vigor or too much busied with pleasure or duty, to trouble themselves about death and its effects. The most enviable are such as find, or effect to find, in the authority or the arguments of any extant religion, sufficing demonstration of a future existence. And perhaps the most foolish are those who, following ardent researches of science, learn so little at the knees of their "star-eyed" mistress as to believe those forces which are called intellect, emotion, and will, capable of extinction, while they discover and proclaim the endless conservation of motion and matter.

If we were all sure, what a difference it would make! A simple "yes," pronounced by the edict of developed science; one word from the lips of some clearly accredited herald sent by the departed, would turn nine-tenths of the sorrows of earth into disguised joys and abolish quite as large a proportion

of the faults and vices of mankind. Men and women are naturally good; it is fear, and the feverish passion to get as much as possible out of the brief span of mortal years, which breed most human offenses. And many noble and gentle souls, which will not stoop to selfish sins, even because life is short, live prisoners, as it were, in their condemned cells of earth, under a sentence from which there is no appeal, waiting in sad but courageous incertitude the last day of their incarceration; afraid to love, to rejoice, to labor and to hope, lest love shall end in eternal parting, gladness in the cheerless dust, generous toils in the irony of results effaced, and hope itself in a vast and scornful denial. What a change if all these could really believe that they are cherished guests in an intermediate mansion of the universe, not doomed captives in one of its dungeons! How happy as well as fair and attractive this planet would become if it were not a doctrine, not a theory, not a poetic dream, but a fact seen and accepted, that Death arrives, not like "Monsieur de Paris," to strip the criminal, to clip his collar and hair, and lop away from him life and love and delight; but as a mother lulling her children to sleep, so that they may wake ready for play in the fresh morning; as the gentlest angel of all the ministers of man, bringing him much more than birth ever brought; and leading him by a path as full of miracles of soft arrangement, and as delicately contrived for his benefit as is the process of birth itself to brighter heights of existence, simple in their turn and order as the first drops of the breast-milk of his mother, and neither more nor less wonderful!

There is no new thing to say hereupon, even if one should personally and sincerely declare he was quite sure

he should never cease to be. That would be worth nothing philosophically, and be rendered no whit more valuable because a man should have studied all the creeds, and read all the systems, and be eager to convey the assurance which none of all these can give or take away. Good-will may recommend a conviction, but can not impart it. Yet there are reflections, apart from all conventional assertions and dogmas, which might be worth inditing, rather as suggestions to other minds than arguments; rather as indications of fresh paths of thought than as guiding along them. And the first which occurs is to represent the great mistake of refusing to believe in the continuity of individual life because of the incomprehensibility of it. Existence around us, illuminated by modern sciences, is full of incredible occurrences; one more or less makes no logical difference. There is positively not a single prodigy in the ancient religions but has its every-day illustration in nature. The transformations of classic gods and goddesses are grossly commonplace to the magic of the medusa, which is now filling our summer seas with floating bells of crystal and amethyst. Born from the glassy goblet of their mother, the young hydrozoon becomes first a free germ resembling a rice grain; next a fixed cup with four lips; then those lips turn to tentacles, and it is a hyaline flower; which splits across the calyx into segments, and the protean thing has grown into a pine cone crowned with a tuft of transparent filaments. The cone changes into a series of sea-daisies, threaded on a pearly stalk; and these, one by one, break off and float away, each a perfect little medusa, with purple bell and trailing tentacles. What did Zeus or Hermes ever effect like that! . . . The nearest rose-bush may rebuke him, since he will see there the aphides, which in their wingless state produce without union creatures like themselves; and these again, though uncoupled, bring forth fresh broods, down to the tenth or eleventh generation; when lo! on a sudden, winged males and females sud-

denly result, and pair. Or is the Buddhist dogma of immortality in the past for every existent individual too tremendous a demand? The lowest living thing, the Protamoeba, has obviously never died! It is a formless film of protoplasm, which multiplies by simple division; and the specimen under any modern microscope derives, and must derive, in unbroken existence from the amoeba which moved and fed forty aeons ago. The living slime of our nearest puddle lived before the Alps were made!

It is not, therefore, on account of the incredibility of a conscious life after death that sensible people should doubt it. I stood last year in the central aisle of the Health Exhibition at South Kensington, and observed a graceful English girl lost in momentary interest over the showcase containing the precise ingredients of her fair and perfect frame. There—neatly measured out, labelled, and deposited in trays or bottles—were exposed the water, the lime, the phosphorus, the silex, the iron, and other various elements, perversely styled "clay," which go to the building up of our houses of flesh and bone. As I watched her half-amused, half-pensive countenance, the verse came to my mind, "Why should it seem to you a wonderful thing, though one rose from the dead?" Minerals and gases have, so science opines, an atomic and ethereal life in their particles, and if we could only imagine them conversing elementally, how sceptical they would be that any power could put together the coarse ingredients of that glass case, to form by delicate chemistry of nature the peerless beauty, the joyous health, the exquisite capacities, and the lovely human life of the bright maiden who contemplated with unconvinced smiles those materials of her being! But if, passing behind such an everyday analysis of the laboratory, science had dared to speak to her of the deeper secrets in nature which she herself embodied and enshrined—without the slightest consciousness or comprehension on her part—how far more wonderful the mystery of the chemistry of her life

would have appeared! Some very grave and venerable F. R. S. might, perchance, reverently have ventured to whisper, "Beautiful human sister! built of the water, the flint, and the lime; you are more marvelous than all that! Your sacred simplicity does not and must not yet understand your divine complexity! Otherwise you should be aware that, hidden within the gracious house made of those common materials—softly and silently developed there by forces which you know not, and yet govern, unwittingly exercising a perpetual magic—are tiny golden beginnings of your sons and daughters to be. You have heard of and marveled at Iliads written on films of fairy thinness, and enclosed within nutshells! Diviner poems, in infinitely fairer characters, upon far subtler surfaces, are inscribed upon each of those occult jewels of your destined maternity! The history of all the vanished lives of those to whom, by many lines and stems, you are the charming heir—ess—from their utmost heights of mental reach to their smallest tricks of habit and feature; from passions and propensities to moles and birth-marks—are occultly recorded in the invisible epigraph of those enchanted germs, to be more or less developed when the flame on that new altar of later life, of which you are the sacred priestess, brings to reproduction such miraculous epitomes." She would not, and could not, understand, of course; yet all this is matter of common observation, the well-established fact of heredity by pangenesis, certain though incomprehensible. What, therefore, is there to be pronounced impossible, because of our blindness, in regard to endless continuity and successions in individuality, when out of the holy ignorance of such maidenly simplicity there can be thus subtly and steadfastly prepared the indescribable beginnings of motherhood? If one result of each human life should be to produce, more or less completely, a substantial, though at present invisible, environment for the next higher stage—while handing on, by collateral lives, the lamp of human-

ity to new hands—that would not be much more strange than the condensation of the oak tree in the acorn, or the natural sorcery of the contact of the milt and the spawn. "Miracles" are cheap enough!

Another consideration having some force is that we should find ourselves speculating about this matter at all. All the other aspirations of infancy, youth, and manhood turn out more or less to be prophecies. Instincts explain and justify themselves, each by each. The body foresees and provides for its growth by appetite; the mind expands towards knowledge by childish curiosity; the young heart predicts, by the flushed cheek and quickening pulse, that gentle master-passion which it does not yet understand. There is a significance like the breath of a perpetual whisper from Nature, in the way in which the theme of his own immortality teases and haunts a man. Note also that he discusses it least and decides about it most dogmatically in those diviner moments when the breath of a high impulse sweeps away work-a-day doubts and selfishnesses. What a blow to the philosophy of negation is the sailor leaping from the taffrail of his ship into an angry sea to save his comrade or to perish with him! He has never read either Plato or Schopenhauer—perhaps not even that heavenly verse, "Whoso loseth his life for my sake, the same shall save it." But arguments which are as far beyond philosophy, as the unconscious life is deeper than the conscious, sufficiently persuade him to plunge. "Love that stronger is than death" bids him dare, for her imperious sake, the weltering abyss; and any such deed of sacrifice and heroic contempt of peril of itself almost proves that man knows more than he believes himself to know about his own immortality. Every miner working for wife and children in a "fiery" pit, every soldier standing cool and firm in those desert zarebas of Stewart and Graham, offers a similar endorsement of the indignant sentence, "If rats and maggots end us, then alarum! for we are betrayed."

"Well," it will be said, "but we *may* be betrayed!" The bottom of the sea, as the dredging of the Challenger proves, is paved with relics of countless elaborate lives, seemingly wasted. The great pyramid is a mountain of by-gone nummulites. The statesman's marble statue is compacted from the shells and casts of tiny creatures which had as good a right to immortality from their own point of view as he. Moreover, it may be urged, the suicide, who only seeks peace and escape from trouble, confronts death with just as clear a decisiveness as the brave sailor or dutiful soldier. Most suicides, however, in their last written words, seem to expect a change for the better, rather than extinction; and it is a curious proof of the propriety and self-respect of the very desperate, that forlorn women, jumping from Waterloo Bridge, almost always fold their shawls quite neatly, lay them on the parapet, and place their bonnets carefully atop, as if the fateful balustrade were but a boudoir for the disrobing soul. In regard to the argument of equal rights of continuous existence for all things which live, it must be admitted. If the bathybia—nay, even if the trees and the mosses—are not, as to that which makes them individual, undying, man will never be. If life be not as inextinguishable in every egg of the herring and in every bird and beast, as in the poet and the sage, it is extinguishable in angels and archangels. What, then, is that varying existence which can survive and take new shapes, when the small dying sea-creature drops its flake of pearl to the ooze, when the dog-fish swallows a thousand trivial herring-fry, and when the poet and the sage lie silent and cold?

*The reason why nobody has ever answered, is that each stage of existence can only be apprehended and defined by the powers appertaining to it. Herein lurks the fallacy which has bred such contempt for transcendental speculations, because people try to talk of what abides beyond, in terms of their present experience. It is true they must do this or else remain silent; but*

the inherent disability of terrestrial speech and thought ought to be kept more constantly in view. How absurd it is, for example, to hear astronomers arguing against existence in the moon or in the sun, because there seems to be no atmosphere in one, and the other is enveloped in blazing hydrogen! Beings are at least conceivable as well-fitted to inhale incandescent gas, or not to breathe any gases at all, as to live upon the diluted oxygen of our own air. Embodied life is, in all cases, the physiological equation of its environment conditions. Water and gills, lungs and atmosphere, co-exist by correlation; and stars, suns, and planets may very well be peopled with proper inhabitants as natural as nut-bushes, though entirely beyond the wit of man to imagine. Even here, in our own low degrees of life, how could the oyster comprehend the flashing cruises of the sword-fish, or he conceive the flight and nesting of a bird? Yet these are neighbors and fellow-lodgers upon the same globe. Of that globe we build our bodies: we speak by agitating its air; we know no light save those few lines of its unexplored solar spectrum to which our optic nerve responds. We have to think in terms of earth-experience, as we have to live by breathing the earth-envelope. We ought to be reassured therefore, rather than disconcerted, by the fact that nobody can pretend to understand and depict the future life, for it would prove sorely inadequate if it were at present intelligible. To know that we can not now know is an immense promise of coming enlightenment. We only meditate safely when we realize that space, time, and the phenomena of sense are provisional forms of thought. Mathematicians have made us familiar with at least the idea of space of four and more dimensions. As for a time, it is an appearance due to the motion of heavenly bodies, and by going close to the North Pole and walking eastwards, a man might, astronomically, wind back again the lost days of his life upon a reversed calendar. Such simple considerations rebuke materialists who

think they have found enough in finding a "law," which is really but a temporary memorandum of observed order, leaving quite unknown the origin of it and the originator. Even to speak, therefore, of future life in the terms of the present is irrational, and this inadequacy of our faculties should guard us from illusions of disbelief as well as of belief. Nature, like many a tender mother, deceives and puts off her children habitually. We learned from Galileo, not from her, that the earth went round the sun; from Harvey, not from her, how the heart worked; from Simpson, not from her, how the measureless flood of human anguish could be largely controlled by the ridiculously simple chemical compound of  $C_2HCl_3$  or "chloroform." Men must be prepared, therefore, to find themselves misled as to the plainest facts about life, death, and individual development. We shall inherit the depressing world-feuds of the past long after they have sufficiently taught their lessons of human effort and brotherhood; and we shall live in the gloom of ancestral fears and ignorances when the use of them in making man cling to the life which he alone knows has for ages passed away. But, all the time, it is quite likely that in many mysteries of life and death we resemble the good knight Don Quixote, when he hung by his wrist from the stable window, and imagined that a tremendous abyss yawned beneath his feet. Maritornes cuts the throng with light-some laughter, and the gallant gentleman falls—four inches! Perhaps nature, so full of unexplained ironies, reserves as blithesome a surprise of her offspring, when their time arrives to discover the simplicity, agreeableness, and absence of any serious change, in the process called "dying." Pliny, from much observation, declared his opinion that the moment of death was the most exquisite instant of life. He writes, "*Ipsæ discessus animæ plerumque fit sine dolore, non-nunquam et iam cum ipsa voluptate.*" Dr. Solander was so delighted with the sensation of perishing by extreme cold in the snow, that

he always afterwards resented his rescue. Dr. Hunter, in his latest moments, grieved that he "could not write how easy and delightful it is to die." The late Archbishop of Canterbury, as his "agony" befell, quietly remarked, "It is really nothing much, after all!" The expression of composed calm which comes over the faces of the newly-dead is not merely due to muscular relaxation. It is, possibly, a last message of content and acquiescence sent us from those who at last know—a message of good cheer and pleasant promise, not by any means to be disregarded. With accent as authoritative as that heard at Bethany it murmurs, "Thy brother shall live again."

The fallacy of thinking and speaking of a future life in terms of our present limited sense-knowledge has given rise to foolish visions of "heaven" and made many gentle and religious minds thereby incredulous. As a matter of observation, no artist can paint even a form in outline outside his experience. Orcagna, in the Campo Santo at Pisa, tried to represent some quite original angels, and the result is a sort of canary-bird with sleeved pinions and a female visage. Man never so much as imagined the kangaroo and ornitho-rhynchus till Captain Cook discovered their haunts; how, then, should he conceive the aspect of angels and new-embodied spirits; and why should he be sceptical about them because his present eyes are constructed for no such lovely and subtle sights? We can perceive how very easily our senses are eluded even by gross matter. The solid block of ice, whereon we stood, is just as existent when it has melted into water and become dissipated as steam, but it disappears for us; the carbonic acid gas, which we could not see, is compressed by the chemist into fleecy flakes and tossed from palm to palm. St. Paul was a much better philosopher than the materialists and septsics when he declared "the things not seen are eternal." But these invisible, eternal things are not, on account of their exquisite subtlety, to be called "super-

natural." They must belong in an ascending but strictly connected chain, to the most substantial and to the lowest, if there be anything low.

Remembering, then, that the undeveloped can not know the developed, though it may presage and expect it; remembering that bisulphide of carbon is aware of actinic rays invisible to us; that selenium swells to light which is lost to our organism; that a sensitized film at the end of the telescope photographs a million stars we did not see; and that the magnetic needle feels and obeys forces to which our most delicate nerves are insensible; it seems within the range, and not beyond the rights, of the imagination to entertain confident and happy dreams of successive states of real and conscious existence, rising by evolution through succeeding phases of endless life. Why, in truth, should evolution proceed along the gross and palpable line of the visible, and not also be hard at work upon the subtler elements which are behind—molding, governing, and emancipating them? Is it enough with the Positivists to foresee the amelioration of the race? Their creed is, certainly, generous and unselfish; but since it teaches the eventual decay of all worlds and systems, what is the good of caring for a race which must be extinguished in some final cataclysm, any more than for an individual who must die and become a memory? If death ends the man and cosmic convulsions finish off all the constellations, then we arrive at the insane conception of an universe possibly emptied of every form of being, which is the most unthinkable and incredible of all conclusions. . . . If there has been a vast past leading to this, the individual remembers nothing. Either he was not; or he lived unconscious; or he was conscious, but forgets. It may be he always lived, and inwardly knows it, but now "disremembers"; for it is notable that none of us can recall the first year of our human existence. Instincts, moreover, are memories, and when the newly hatched chick pecks at food, it must certainly have lived some-

how and somewhere long before it was an egg. If to live forever in the future demands that we must have lived forever in the past, there is really nothing against this. "End and beginning are dreams"; mere phrases of our earthly foolish speech. But taking things as they seem, nobody knows that death stays—nor why it should stay—the development of the individual. It stays our perception of it in another; but so does distance, absence, or even sleep. Birth gave to each of us much; death may give very much more, in the way of subtler senses to behold colors we can not here see, to catch sounds we do not hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects impalpable at present to us, but perfectly real, intelligibly constructed, and constituting an organized society and a governed, multiform State. Where does nature show signs of breaking off her magic, that she should stop at the five organs and the sixty odd elements? Are we free to spread over the face of this little earth, and never freed to spread through the solar system and beyond it? Nay, the heavenly bodies are to the ether which contains them as mere spores of seaweed floating in the ocean. Are the specks only filled with life, and not the space? What does Nature possess more valuable in all she has wrought here, than the wisdom of the sage, the tenderness of the mother, the devotion of the lover, and the opulent imagination of the poet, that she should let these priceless things be utterly lost by a quinsy, or a flux? It is a hundred times more reasonable to believe that she commences afresh with such delicately developed treasures, making them ground-work and stuff for splendid farther living, by process of death; which, even when it seems accidental or premature, is probably as natural and gentle as birth; and wherefrom, it may well be, the new-born dead arises to find a fresh world ready for his pleasant and novel body, with gracious and willing kindred ministrations awaiting it, like those which provided for the human babe the guarding arms and nourishing breasts of its mother.

As the babe's eyes opened to strange sunlight here, so may the eyes of the dead lift glad and surprised lids to "a light that never was on sea or land": and so may his delighted ears hear speech and music proper to the spheres beyond, while he laughs contentedly to find how touch and taste and smell had all been forecasts of faculties accurately following upon the lowly lessons of this earthly nursery. It is really just as easy and logical to think such will be the outcome of the "life which now is," as to terrify weak souls into wickedness by medieval hells, or to wither the bright instincts of youth or love with horizons of black annihilation.

Moreover those new materials and surroundings of the farther being would bring a more intense and verified as well as a higher existence. Man is less superior to the sensitive plant now than his reëmbodied spirit would probably then be to his present personality. Nor does anything except ignorance and despondency forbid the belief that the senses so etherealized and enhanced, and so fitly adapted to the fine combinations of advanced entity, would discover without much amazement sweet and friendly societies springing from, but proportionately upraised above, the old associations; art divinely elevated, science splendidly expanding; bygone loves and sympathies explaining and obtaining their purpose; activities set free for vaster cosmic service; abandoned hopes realized at last; despaired-of joys come magically within ready reach; regrets and repentances softened by wider knowledge, surer foresight, and the discovery that though in this universe nothing can be "forgiven," everything may be repaid and repaired. In such a stage, though little removed relatively from this, the widening of faith, delight, and love (and therefore of virtue which depends on these) would be very large. Every-

where would be discerned the fact, if not the full mystery, of continuity, of evolution, and of the never-ending progress in all that lives towards beauty, happiness, and use without limit. To call such a life "Heaven" or the "Hereafter" is a concession to the illusions of speech and thought, for these words imply locality and time, which are but provisional conceptions. It would rather be a state, a plane of faculties, to expand again into other and higher states or planes; the slowest and lowest in the race of life coming in last, but each—everywhere—finally attaining. After all, as Shakespeare so merrily hints, "That that is, is!" and when we look into the blue of the sky we actually see visible Infinity. When we regard the stars of midnight we veritably perceive the mansions of nature, countless and illimitable; so that even our narrow senses reprove our timid minds. If such shadows of the future be ever so faintly cast from real existences, fear and care might, at one word, pass from the minds of men, as evil dreams depart from little children waking to their mother's kiss; and all might feel how subtly wise the poet was who wrote of that first mysterious night on earth, which showed the unsuspected stars; when—

.... "Hesperus, with the host of  
heaven, came,

And lo! Creation widened on man's  
view!

Who could have thought such  
marvels lay concealed

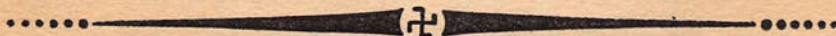
Within thy beams, O Sun? Or who  
could find—

Whilst flower and leaf and insect  
stood revealed—

That to such countless orbs thou  
mad'st us blind?

Why do we, then, shun death  
with anxious strife?

*If light can thus deceive, wherefore not  
life?"*



## Man's Hidden Powers\*

By George S. Arundale, M.A., D.Litt.

(Concluded from January)

**W**E HAVE three great principles. the hidden Trinity of your being. But there is more than that, as modern psychology will tell you, for those three streams of Light can be divided also into seven distinct temperamental natures. As a matter of fact, western psychology would not accept the idea of seven distinct temperamental natures, but eastern psychology is far in advance, except so far as the laboratory is concerned, of the psychology of the west. I should advise you, if you want to realize this, to read a very wonderful work by an Indian teacher, Bhagavan Das, entitled, *The Science of the Emotions*. In this book he gives you very wonderful pictures of eastern psychology. These are of enormous importance.

There are seven psychological types emerging from this threefold division—this Trinity of the individual. The first type is where *will* is dominant, where an individual is a man or woman of power. I shall not give examples on each line, but in Mussolini you have an example of the "will" type.

Then there will be the individual in whom not power but *wisdom* will be dominant. You can think about yourselves as to whether you belong to one or another of those two types. Probably we don't belong to either because we haven't gotten to that stage in which we are wise enough to say we are persons of wisdom, or powerful

enough to say that we are persons of power. We may try to look like persons of power in the looking-glass, with our frowning brows and protruding chins, but this will not last very long, because we will look like caricatures to the advanced individual who may be watching us as we make those contortions in the looking-glass!

Then there will be the individual who is of the abstract meditative type; if you like, you may call it the philosophical temperament. That will be the third type. This is to a certain extent perhaps the mystic, but still of a very definite character.

The fourth type is sometimes in the east spoken of as the type of conflict, competitive, the individual who is a storm in himself, in whom there is constant conflict between the mind and the emotions, but who, while being stormy, also has periods of great peace and understanding. So you can call it, if you like, the type of *understanding*. But generally, together with the understanding, there is also a great deal of storm and turbulence. Perhaps you may think of stormy people as those who have only little tiny spluttering storms, but these fourth-type people are real hurricanes! You know, a great many spluttering people get irritated, annoyed, angry; these people have no special temperament at all, but the hurricane people are strongly swayed between the emotions on the one hand and the mind on the other.

The fifth great type is the intellectual type of the *concrete mind*. He

\* Unrevised notes completing a lecture given in Hollywood, California.

generally wears no rims to his glasses! This is very curious. If a person wears rims to his glasses, it seems either a mistake or he is not actually an intellectual individual. I am not an intellectual individual but I can see several intellectual individuals in the audience through my own hidden power to discover these things. (Laughter.) If people are wearing rimmed glasses who ought not to be wearing them, they ought to put on the unrimmed, and *vice versa*, you will see people wearing the unrimmed that need the rimmed!

Then there is the intensely *devotional temperament*, the individual who is essentially the devotee, possibly the saint, and he may also be to a certain extent the mystic.

And then there is the *artistic type* who loves beautiful forms, the artist, the ceremonialist, perhaps the musician.

Now there are seven distinct types. To which type do you belong? If you know to which type you belong or aspire, *you can move on your pathway very much more definitely and quickly than if you do not know anything about your type*. If you say, "Oh, I am just an ordinary individual," what sort of a prospect is that? We do not want to feel we do not amount to anything *concrete, definite, purposeful*. We want an individual to be able to sum himself up, know himself as he is, to know the hidden powers of his nature, know his way, and to have some conception of a goal, one which is always receding into the distance the more nearly he approaches it. The more divine an individual becomes, the more content he is that he should always be stretching out his determination to a more perfect goal which recedes from him.

Now you have some idea of the powers which are within you, the powers of the Trinity aspect, the powers of your differing temperaments. Let me add to this idea of the temperaments that in truth we all belong to all the temperaments, but that one is becoming, little by little, more and more dominant. Perhaps I can make this particular part of my

talk a little more clear if I suggest that we are moving in the direction either of becoming a hero, a genius, or a saint, possibly with a little bit of martyrdom thrown in. Just to test oneself, one's strength, which type attracts you? Do you feel more heroic-minded? Or do you feel more bulging with genius? Or do you feel blessed with sainthood? Each type is as fine as any of the others and in the long run I am perfectly convinced that eventually all blend into one perfected type, that everybody sooner or later becomes hero, genius, saint, all in one.

The Christ was hero, genius, and saint. Yes, at that tremendous distance He is above and beyond us. In the meantime we must persist on one or another of those three paths. Don't you see how important it is to discover the hidden powers within you? There is heroism in each one of you; there is sainthood in each one of you; there is genius in each one of you. Which is most attractive to you? Feel *that*, but don't forget the other two. If you are the hero type, be a little saintly now and then, just have a spark of genius fluttering forth at rare intervals; and if you are one of the other temperaments, sometimes perhaps have a touch of heroism, especially at home where there is so much greater difficulty in being heroic than outside it. And that also, remember, applies no less to the idea of sainthood. It is not easy to be a saint at home, nor a hero. It is much easier to *feel* a genius though nobody usually believes it, no matter how hard you may try. "No man is either a saint, a hero, or a genius to his valet," as the proverb goes—amended to suit my convenience. I am not going to ask you to begin at home. I think it is easier to begin abroad. But when the worst comes to the worst, and you feel sufficiently fortified with heroism, saintliness, and genius, begin by trying it out in your own family. I am afraid that unless it is very strong, it is likely to suffer an early decease, because your wife or your husband will know you are not at all that. But the point is that they know you in terms of time, you

are much more of a temporal individual to them. But remember you have your *eternal* aspect in you which eludes them. You might point that out next time, as a kind of argument at the end of some domestic difficulties! Say, "Yes, you blame me, but at the very most you are blaming the time-spirit in me. There is that which is my eternalness, which is beyond all blame from you. You can't throw this blame upon the *real* me." That is perfectly true.

I am really trying to be practical in all of this. I want you to realize that you can develop these hidden powers in you by attaining to them and realizing their existence—not by going to some psychoanalyst who will rake up all kinds of undesirable things before your eyes, but by being your own psychoanalyst and finding these things out for yourself. I have never found anybody, no matter how much he or she had hidden powers to any degree, who can tell me as much or as accurately the facts about myself as I can discover for myself. The only advantage in being told is to be *reminded* by some external voice and exhortation. I know what is the matter with me, and how it ought to be put straight, but perhaps I have not the courage to do it. What is true of me ought to be the same for everybody. Each one of you ought to be his own doctor in this regard, and discover his own ignorance and wisdom for himself, and especially to realize that *there is nothing but ignorance and wisdom in man's nature*. We hear a lot about sins. I don't believe in the existence of sin, and I think it is nonsense. We hear a lot about wickedness, but I don't believe in the existence of wickedness. There is nothing but ignorance, and the only things to which we mistakenly can apply the name of sin or wickedness are those which we ought to have done with, and which ought to be behind us, but to which we will futilely and foolishly cling. After all, it is ignorance. A sin has its root in ignorance. So don't think you are sinful, don't think you are wicked, never turn to God to pardon you.

There is no question of pardon, there is only a question of growth.

Know yourself, and know your hidden powers, and use them to your unfoldment consciously, as divinity uses those same powers to the unfoldment of every living thing unconsciously, to the unfoldment of the flower bud and of every creature that lives and moves upon this earth. Unconsciously they are unfolding, but we of the human kingdom have to learn to begin to unfold ourselves consciously.

There are, then, these seven temperaments. Now if you have reached certain point where there is a knowledge of yourself and where there is control of yourself, then you can begin to develop what we call the "hidden powers."

First, in this work, is to recognize the power of the intuition, which is the power of knowing the reality of things, the power of knowing the truth of things without the aid of the lower mind which proceeds from premise to premise, and from premises to conclusions. Intuition is the supreme hidden power that each one of us has to develop, the first of the hidden powers—the *intuition to know*. You can know truth intuitively almost instinctively, but instinct is the fruit of the intuition. Instinct is that which is built into you, the result, the effect of the workings of the intuition, but the highest intuition is a power whereby you are able to realize instantly that which is true *for you*, and to draw it into your nature so that it becomes a part of you, not necessarily that you have intuited the truth, but you have intuited that which is true *for you*.

Many people feel that they must go through a reasoning process. They say, "I can't accept it unless it appeals to my reasoning power." But back of this is a much surer guide—the intuition.

However, you must be cautious and distinguish impulse from intuition. Impulse is sudden. First there is an acceptance, then a doubt or fear, a drawing back. That is the sign of an

impulse. Intuition is always characterized by an ever increasing intensity, an increasing life, an increasing "yes-ness" about it. The impulse wanes and wanes, the intuition proceeds onwards and upwards. The people who are intuitive rest in great depths of peace because they *know*, and nothing can disturb that knowledge. It may be a knowledge which is different from the knowledge of other people. My depth may be a different depth from your depth, but that there should be a depth, that there should be a peace, that there should be a certainty—that is all that matters. Where you have the depth, peace, and certainty that seem to be eternal, there you have the intuition. That is the most beautiful hidden power of all the hidden powers.

It is not the only one. We think of other hidden powers, so-called, such as the power of clairvoyance, of seeing in the distance, of clairaudience, or hearing things in the distance, of telepathy, all of the psychic and occult powers which people are so anxious to possess, even though they have not the knowledge to see or to use without distortion the powers already in their possession.

On what do those hidden powers depend? They, of course, fundamentally depend upon a realization of the divinity of nature. Take clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy—those three powers, for example. They are based on certain distinct laws of nature, on the unity of life, the universality of life, on the fact that the macrocosm is reproduced everywhere in the microcosm, so that I have, standing here in my universe, the whole of the solar system. I reflect, and because I am a cell in the great body of the world, that cell reproduces the essential elements of the larger elements of which it is a constituent part. If that cell can intensify and unify its nature with its own universal elements, those which make the universe, then it begins to contact the hidden mysteries of the universe.

People often want to develop these hidden powers through certain proc-

esses of breathing or other mechanical means. You can develop these powers in such a forced, unnatural way, but then you are unable to use them or profit by them because the rest of your nature is not big enough, divine enough, to be placed in charge of those wider powers. So, though for the time being you may have a clairvoyant power and see this, that, or the other—say the light of the aura, for example, or nature spirits, fairies, and angels—all these things you may be able to see, but either you will not be able to see them for long or you will soon see them wrongly, because your personality has not been made sufficiently universal, your personality has not been made sufficiently divine, so as to enable you to use those powers in the way in which they are intended to be used. You might want to use those powers for your own use, for your own selfish purposes, for your own private aggrandizement. Everything is universal to all, and the moment you begin to use spiritual powers *for yourself*, that moment you are denying their reality and you will cause them to die eventually.

There are the fundamental realities of life, the fundamental nature of life, on which alone we can build the superstructure of these further powers of our own divinity. Of course we have accepted the existence of other kingdoms of nature, angels, fairies, and the invisible bodies we ourselves wear, and we know it is possible to see at a distance, and that an individual is clothed in invisible light, that he is nothing really but light, and therefore that his aura can be perceived. There are plenty of people in the world who can use such powers. To a certain extent it may appeal to you as a wonderfully fascinating and delightful thing to use them. But if we are common-sense individuals, if we are sufficiently hard-headed individuals, if we have a sufficiently clear sense of what we have to do, we will begin to try to discover those things in ourselves which are at the immediate surface at hand and which are immediate to our own practical use. We shall

develop those things and let all those other extended powers be added in due course as we may become wiser and able to wield them.

So the sum and substance of my address is that the real hidden powers in us which we first have to realize are those powers which come from our own inherent, simple, essential nature. The Trinity in each one of us, the temperamental type, the dominant and subdominant temperamental notes in each one of us, and the ways in which these can be applied to growth through the sense of the unity and universality of life which wisdom gives to us, a reverence for life, a good-will to life, a compassion for life which every great Savior in the world has taught us.

Those practical powers of daily life need first to be acquired before we should seek to add others to them. If we would be true to our Teachers, if we would be true to our scriptures, if we would be true to our elders, we will

endeavor first to see to it that those great principles of life are alive, are growing in us. We may be sure that when we are alive with reverence and compassion, that then the God within us, in His protecting care, in His love, and in His plan that we shall become even as He is, will open further steps on the way of the unfoldment of our own divine nature.

Let us recognize the nature of our hidden powers, let us realize the powers we already have developed, those practical powers developing happily, strongly, effectively, peacefully and then we shall soon find other powers developing in us to bring us many stages nearer to our goal of perfection, so that at last we may stand beside the Christs of the world, stand beside the heroes, the saints, the geniuses, and thus become Kings of the World and Leaders to those who are farther behind us on the evolutionary pathway of life.

### *Build Thee More Stately Mansions*

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

# *A Marvelous Son of India*

*(A reincarnated genius)*

By John O'Neill

(New York)



NDIA! The land *par excellence* of mystery! Ageless and mysterious like its own snow-topped Himalayas!

Mother of our Aryan Race, India is the fountain-head of our language, our metaphysics, our science, our philosophies, our religions, our gods. Hoary with age, yet ever new!

Although dating back to about a million years—according to their records—the people of Aryavarta and their contributions to civilization were practically unknown until some Western savants began exploring and translating their writings; thereby acquainting us Western peoples with some—a mere scratching of the surface—of the wealth of knowledge hitherto hidden from the rest of the world.

That knowledge is being steadily enlarged, uncovering and introducing to our gaze the great achievements of the ancient lawgivers, the scientists, the religious teachers, the saints, the wonder-workers of the golden age of India.

Now, in our modern times, India is still to the fore in the world of achievement. Heirs to the wisdom of the ages, her sons still keep the sacred fire burning in their hearts; and, serving as standard-bearers, are carrying that ages-old wisdom and knowledge to the four corners of the earth.

One of these standard-bearers, Somesh Chandra Bose, is the subject of this writing.

I had the pleasure of meeting Somesh Bose on one of his visits to New York City, U.S.A., about three years ago. I had been told of his marvelous feats in the field of mathematics, and also that the purpose of his being in America was to teach his methods of concentration and—for those who like myself were interested in the Yogi

methods of spiritual development—meditation, the Raja Yoga postures, etc.

He had visited America in 1923, and had on that visit given demonstrations of his remarkable powers to groups of professors and students of the City College of New York, and of Columbia University, New York.

At a demonstration in Newark, New Jersey, he had worked out mentally a problem of sixty digits multiplied by another sixty digits. The professors who had prepared the problem said that his answer was not quite correct. Taking a few seconds to verify his answer, Somesh Bose asserted the correctness of his result. They went over the problem together. The mathematical professors had to admit that they had been wrong, and that Somesh Bose had been right. This was merely one of many demonstrations given by him at that time.

Of a quiet thoughtful demeanor, of medium height, with an apparently frail physique which belies the man, he, like a true follower of the Path of Attainment, is unassuming and content to remain in the background until called upon to demonstrate his knowledge and powers. In this hurly-burly civilization of New York City, where the one who blows his brazen trumpet the loudest is the one who catches the public ear and attracts attention to himself, the type of man Somesh Bose represents is passed by, unknown and unheeded, save by those who are more concerned with the deeps of life than with the blatant superficialities. Those who "know" appreciate not only his achievements as a mathematical genius, but also the advanced soul who in his personality is known by the name of Somesh Chandra Bose.

There have been other mathematical prodigies who have astonished the world with their amazing feats; there have been others whose lives were marked out by their wonderful powers of physical endurance; there have been some few men whose apparently superhuman power of concentration of mind were beyond conception even by psychologists; but to find all those qualities in one man is little short of being incredible. That man is Somesh Chandra Bose, of Bajrajogini, Bengal, India.

As a mathematical prodigy he is incomparably the greatest of modern times.

There is a marked difference between him and other prodigies. While his predecessors—Fleury, Bidder, Colburn—had wonderful powers of mentally multiplying ten digits by ten digits, extracting the square roots, cube roots, and other difficult calculations in their boyhood days, all of them lost their powers in or before their youth, and most of them were not more than of the average intelligence. Such is not the case with Somesh Bose, who, in addition to being a mathematical genius, is a philosopher of depth and a man of versatility.

His saga begins at the age of eight when he was discovered as a youthful prodigy who could mentally work out huge sums of multiplication involving fourteen digits by another fourteen digits, and abstruse sums in division and other processes in a wonderfully short time. This remarkable display of power kept developing until, at the age of twenty, he married. His classmates predicted that his powers would now begin to wane, and that one year later he would not be able to continue his development.

This aroused the spirit of young Bose, who said that to him marriage was a spiritual and not a physical union, and that by such a union nobody could lose any powers he possessed.

To prove the truth of his assertion, and after six years of a life of strict celibacy, he developed such a marvelous power of concentration that he could

at that time work out, mentally, a multiplication of 100 digits by 100 digits, gigantic sums in divisions, fractions, decimals, reciprocals, recurring decimals, indeterminate equations, etc., in an astoundingly short time. Now, at the age of forty-two, his powers are, if possible, yet greater than ever before. He can mentally extract square root, cube root, fourth root, fifth, sixth, seventh roots up to 109th root of any perfect number *instantly, within one second*, which, to any mathematician or psychologist of the world is a superhuman phenomenon.

For the layman, perhaps some explanation will be found useful.

Let three men take three different numbers of three, four, or more digits, and raise those numbers to the 17th, 43rd, or 109th power, and let us consider that those numbers are of three digits. In the case of raising it to the 17th power, the maximum will be 51 digits; in the case of the 43rd power the maximum will be 129 digits; in the case of 109th power the maximum will be 327 digits. To prepare such sums on paper anyone may take from one to thirty hours. Somesh Bose can extract those 17th, 43rd, and 109th roots and announce the results *instantly*—within one second of time!

To multiply a sum of 100 digits by another 100 digits mentally, Somesh Bose can visualize by his superhuman power of concentration all the 100 steps, add them, and give the result consisting of a line of 200 digits!—all worked out mentally, in less than an hour, a problem a good mathematician will take a number of hours to work out even with the aid of paper and pencil.

If Somesh Bose is asked, "What is the 47th number from the left of the 63rd step, or 78th number of the 29th step?" of that huge mass of figures, he can *immediately* give the correct answer.

Calculation of dates of any year, involving trillions of years in the remote future from the beginning of the birth of the calendar, is child's play to him. He gives the answer immediately.

On the evening of August 22nd, 1930, I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Bose demonstrating his remarkable powers before an audience in the Masonic Pythian Temple, 135 West 70th Street, New York City.

A very confident looking gentleman of about forty years responded to the invitation to present problems to Mr. Bose. From a large sheet of paper in his hand he proceeded to chalk up on the blackboard at the back of the platform the following array of figures: Cube root of 319939120659919123. Mr. Bose answered: 683947. The next problem was: 17th root of 3529471145760275132301897342-055866171392. Mr. Bose answered: 212. Finally, cube root of 187908-0904. His answer: 1234.

Each of these answers being given in one second of time.

Another gentleman chalked up the following: Raise 9528128 to the 5th power. The answer, which was given in three minutes, 42 seconds (by my watch), was: 78530418871490635-731174291163578368.

The first gentleman was so astounded that he sat down on a chair in the front row and stared at Mr. Bose. He continued to stare while Somesh Bose lectured on the value of his method of concentration. After about fifteen minutes he suddenly appeared to awake out of his stupor, and, getting up from his seat, interrupted Mr. Bose with the request that Bose should shake hands with him. Somesh Bose smilingly acquiesced, and the man then said: "I want to be able to say that I have shaken hands with the greatest mathematician in the world!"

A remarkable characteristic of Mr. Bose's is that he is able to remember and recall each and every problem—giving every individual digit involved in each problem—even after a lapse of over a year! What a memory! What a power of concentration!

On April 18th, this year, four days before his departure for England, Somesh Bose paid me a visit at my studio. As I had never seen his demonstration of multiplying 100 digits by

another 100, he suggested that if I provided him with the necessary figures he would work out the problem then and there. The digits were given him; they are as follows:

8531274693768413257261435639-7812647398257312487364971256-5327347817286357237481252574-9128369243761853 multiplied by 7463812573647928374351796297-6436841789679128574953598381-4281259591815127639782957816-3953289647257369.

The answer was given as: 636758-3532859306256328977366201613-1728220325997544017081773546-1867163367382959585725010435-7456679916983207264974192827-0272815627808544369973500577-4285797158045741657823774074-16834814852062333635344757.

I have not had the time to work out this problem, but Mr. Bose guarantees its correctness. He arrived at the answer in 52 minutes, 30 seconds!

The windows of my studio were open; outside a street car passed about every three minutes; a welter of automobiles, cars, heavy trucks, and some fire engines, besides the usual racket of Eighth Avenue; yet, through it all, Somesh Bose sat like a graven image, his eyes closed, his body motionless. When he had worked out the enormous sum, he opened his eyes, told me he had finished, and then proceeded to write down the result—as above.

"Now," he said when he was finished with it, "you can truthfully say that you have seen the demonstration," and he smiled his shy, deprecating smile. To still further test him, I asked him to tell me what was the 33rd figure from the left on the 65th line. Instantly came the answer: "eight: that is, the figure is 18 and carry the 1." Extraordinary!

Let me give the aftermath of this incident by quoting from *John O' London's Weekly* (England) of May 30: "The other day I (the Editor) had an unusual visitor. He was an Indian named Somesh Chandra Bose, and I knew from a letter which had preceded him from America that he

possessed marvelous mathematical powers. The writer of the letter had told me how Mr. Bose was able to extract instantly the square root, the cube root, and so on to the 109th root, of any perfect number, and described how a month ago he had multiplied, mentally, a hundred digits by another hundred digits. . . . I asked him what was the 32nd figure from the right and the 15th from the left in the total of the sum he did in New York *a month ago*. I had the sum in front of me, and he mentioned the correct figures almost as soon as I had counted them up. After that I was prepared to believe anything. . . . As we talked I became more and more impressed by the deep sincerity underlying Mr. Bose's philosophy. He is now on his way to his home at Dacca, Bengal."

After the death of his wife, Somesh Bose became the disciple of a great spiritual teacher—a Mahatma—who was then nearing the advanced age of two hundred years; and henceforth devoted his great power of concentration to spiritual lines of development, thereby attaining to great heights spiritually.

His health is super-excellent. His only nourishment is one bottle of milk per day. He can walk ten to fifteen miles every day of the week, except Monday (for which there is a reason), and never feels tired, hungry, or thirsty. Mondays—which for Somesh Bose means from midnight Sunday to Tuesday 7 a. m.—is sacred to his wife's memory. Those hours are devoted to his wife, in whose company he is during that time on the upper plane—the Devachan.

From October 26th to November 18th, 1929, he, for special reasons of his own, fasted for twenty-four days and twelve hours, during which period he ate nothing—not even water.

He gave lectures, talks, mathematical demonstrations, and lessons to his students as usual. On the fifth day of his fast he spoke for more than three

hours, explaining the Raja Yoga philosophy before Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood, St. Bartholomew's Church, N. Y., and a group of Dr. Norwood's friends. On the eighth day he walked two miles in less than thirty minutes, and then gave a demonstration of his vocal powers at a social gathering that his friends thought it advisable to cease so as to avoid disturbing the neighbors—although all the windows were closed. On the thirteenth day he spoke at a public meeting for two hours—standing, and later answered questions for over half an hour.

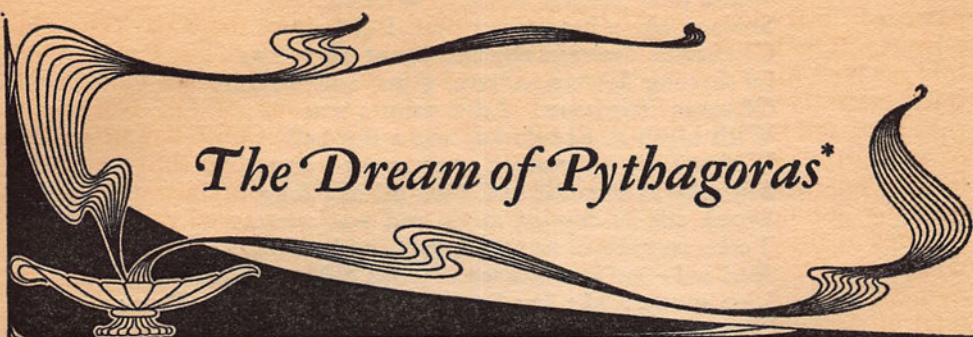
In twenty-four and a half days he spent 304 hours in meditation, slept only 20 hours in all, and lost only  $7\frac{1}{2}$  pounds in weight—which he recouped in three days after he broke his fast. He was much amused at the efforts of his Indian and American friends who, fearing for the bad result on his health, tried to discourage him.

He is a spiritual teacher. To him "God" (Brahma) is the only religion; God is the only truth. The various and different religions are, to him, but different paths leading to that fundamental religion which is God.

What is the secret of the success of this wonderful Yogi?

The answer so far as one can understand it is: His spiritual love for his wife, his saintly character, his regular communion with God through his superb power of concentration and meditation.

Desiring nothing, except the opportunity to teach others, this modern son of ancient Aryavarta is in direct descent from the great Mahatmas; a worthy disciple of one of the Great Ones. May his life be an inspiration to the younger generation who are glamourised by the *maya* of a superficial civilization which is the expression of our degenerate modern point of view; and may they, like Somesh Chandra Bose, drink of the water of wisdom contained in their ancient scriptures. Only with that wisdom shall young India walk in confidence and serenity along the Path which leads to God.



## *The Dream of Pythagoras\**

*By Emma Tatham*

[This poem was written in 1846 when Miss Tatham was only seventeen years old. Her poetic genius attracted wide attention in England, her birthplace. A brilliant future was predicted for her but she died when still quite young. We quote the poem from *Reincarnation*, by E. D. Walker.]

**P**YTHAGORAS, amidst Crotona's groves,  
One summer eve, sat; whilst the sacred few  
And favour'd at his feet reclin'd, entranc'd,  
List'ning to his great teachings. O'er their heads  
A lofty oak spread out his hundred hands  
Umbrageous, and a thousand slant sunbeams  
Play'd o'er them; but beneath all was obscure  
And solemn, save that, as the sun went down,  
One pale and tremulous sunbeam, stealing in  
Through the unconscious leaves her silent way,  
Fell on the forehead of Pythagoras  
Like spiritual radiance; all else wrapt  
In gloom delicious; while the murmuring wind,  
Oft moving through the forest as in dreams,  
Made melancholy music. Then the sage  
Thus spoke: "My children, listen; let the soul  
Hear her mysterious origin, and trace  
Her backward path to heaven. 'Twas but a dream;  
And yet from shadows may we learn the shape  
And substance of undying truth. Methought  
In vision I beheld the first beginning  
And after-changes of my soul. O joy!  
She is of no mean origin, but sprang  
From loftier source than stars or sunbeams know.  
Yea, like a small and feeble rill that bursts  
From everlasting mountain's coronet,  
And, winding through a thousand labyrinths  
Of darkness, deserts, and drear solitudes,  
Yet never dies, but, gaining depth and power,  
Leaps forth at last with uncontrollable might  
Into immortal sunshine and the breast  
Of boundless ocean,—so is this my soul.  
I felt myself spring like a sunbeam out  
From the Eternal, and my first abode

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\* To many students of reincarnation Pythagoras is again in incarnation and known as the Chohan K. H.

Was a pure particle of light, wherein,  
Shrined like a beam in crystal, I did ride  
Gloriously through the firmament on wings  
Of floating flowers, ethereal gems, and wreaths  
Of vernal rainbows. I did paint a rose  
With blush of day-dawn, and a lily-bell  
With mine own essence; every morn I dipt  
My robe in the full sun, then all day long  
Shook out its dew on earth, and was content  
To be unmark'd, unworshipp'd, and unknown,  
And only lov'd of heaven. Thus did my soul  
Live spotless like her Source. 'Twas mine to illumine  
The palaces of nature, and explore  
Her hidden cabinets, and, raptur'd, read  
Her joyous secrets. O return, thou life  
Of purity! I flew from mountain-top  
To mountain, building rainbow-bridges up—  
From hill to hill, and over boundless seas:  
Ecstasy was such life, and on the verge  
Of ripe perfection. But, alas! I saw  
And envied the bold lightning, who could blind  
And startle nations, and I long'd to be  
A conqueror and destroyer, like to him.  
Methought it was a glorious joy, indeed,  
To shut and open heaven as he did,  
And have the thunders for my retinue,  
And tear the clouds, and blacken palaces,  
And in a moment whiten sky, and sea,  
And earth: therefore I murmur'd at my lot,  
Beautiful as it was, and that one murmur  
Despoil'd me of my glory. I became  
A dark and tyrant cloud driven by the storm,  
Too earthly to be bright, too hard of heart  
To drop in mercy on the thirsty land;  
And so no creature lov'd me. I was felt  
A blot where'er I came. Fair Summer scorn'd  
And spurn'd me from her blueness, for, she said,  
I would not wear her golden fringe, and so  
She could not rank me in her sparkling train.  
Soft Spring refused me, for she could not paint  
Her rainbows on a nature cold as mine,  
Incapable of tears. Autumn despised  
One who could do no good. Dark Winter frown'd  
And number'd me among his ruffian host  
Of racers. Then unceasingly I fled  
Despairing through the murky firmament,  
Like a lone wreck athwart a midnight sea,  
Chased by the howling spirits of the storm,  
And without rest. At last, one day I saw  
In my continual flight, a desert blank  
And broad beneath me, where no water was;  
And there I mark'd a weary antelope,  
Dying for thirst, all stretched out on the sand,  
With her poor trembling lips in agony  
Press'd to a scorch'd-up spring; then, then, at last  
My hard heart broke, and I could weep. At once

My terrible race was stopp'd, and I did melt  
 Into the desert's heart, and with my tears  
 I quench'd the thirst of the poor antelope.  
 So having pour'd myself into the dry  
 And desolate waste, I sprang up a wild flower  
 In solitary beauty. There I grew  
 Alone and feverish, for the hot sun burn'd  
 And parch'd my tender leaves, and not a sigh  
 Came from the winds. I seem'd to breathe an air  
 Of fire, and had resign'd myself to death,  
 When lo! a solitary dewdrop fell  
 Into my burning bosom; then, for joy,  
 My spirit rush'd into my lovely guest,  
 And I became a dewdrop. Then, once more,  
 My life was joyous, for the kingly sun  
 Carried me up into the firmament,  
 And hung me in a rainbow, and my soul  
 Was robed in seven bright colors, and became  
 A jewel in the sky. So did I learn  
 The first great lessons; mark ye them, my sons.  
 Obedience is nobility; and meek  
 Humility is glory; self alone  
 Is base; and pride is pain; patience is power;  
 Beneficence is bliss. And now first brought  
 To know myself and feel my littleness,  
 I was to learn what greatness is prepar'd  
 For virtuous souls, what mighty war they wage,  
 What vast impossibilities o'ercome.  
 What kingdoms, and infinitude of love,  
 And harmony, and never-ending joy,  
 And converse, and communion with the great  
 And glorious Mind unknown,—are given to high  
 And godlike souls.

"Therefore the winds arose,  
 And shook me from the rainbow where I hung,  
 Into the depths of ocean; then I dived  
 Down to the coral citadels, and roved  
 Through crystal mazes, among pearls and gems,  
 And lovely buried creatures, who had sunk  
 To find the jewel of eternal life.  
 Sweet babes I saw clasp'd in their mothers' arms;  
 Kings of the north, each with his oozy crown;  
 Pale maidens, with their golden streaming hair  
 Floating in solemn beauty, calm and still,  
 In the deep, silent, tideless wave; I saw  
 Young beauteous boys wash'd down from reeling masts  
 By sudden storm; and brothers sleeping soft,  
 Lock'd in each other's arms; and countless wealth,  
 And curling weed, and treasur'd knots of hair,  
 And mouldering masts, and giant hulls that sank  
 With thunder sobbing; and blue palaces  
 Where moonbeams, hand in hand, did dance with me  
 To the soft music of the surging shells,  
 Where all else was at rest. Calm, calm, and hush'd,  
 And stormless, were those hidden deeps, and clear

And pure as crystal. There I wander'd long  
In speechless dreamings, and well-nigh forgot  
My corporal nature, for it seem'd  
Melting into the silent infinite  
Around me, and I peacefully began  
To feel the mighty universe commune  
And converse with me; and my soul became  
One note in nature's harmony. So sweet  
And soothing was that dream-like ecstasy,  
I could have slept into a wave, and roll'd  
Away through the blue mysteries forever,  
Dreaming my soul to nothing; I could well  
Have drown'd my spark of immortality  
In drunkenness of peace; I knew not yet  
The warrior life of virtue, and the high  
And honorable strife and storm that cleanse  
And exercise her pinions. I was now  
To learn the rapture of the struggle made  
For immortality and truth; therefore  
The ocean toss'd me to his mountain chains,  
Bidding me front the tempest; fires of heaven  
Were dancing o'er his cataracts, and scared  
His sounding billows; glorious thunders roll'd  
Beneath, above, around; the strong winds fought,  
Lifting up pyramids of tortur'd waves,  
Then dashing them to foam. I saw great ships  
As feathers on the opening sepulchres  
And starting monuments,  
And the gaunt waves leap'd up like fountains fierce,  
And snatch'd down frighten'd clouds, then shouting—fell,  
And rose again. I, whirling on their tops,  
Dizzy flew over masts of staggering ships,  
Then plunged into black night. My soul grew mad  
Ravish'd with the intense magnificence  
Of the harmonious chaos, for I heard  
Music amidst the thunders, and I saw  
Measure in all the madness of the waves  
And whirlpools; yea, I lifted up my voice  
In praise of the Eternal, for I felt  
Rock'd in His hand, as in a cradling couch;  
Rejoicing in His strength; yea, I found rest  
In the unbounded roar, and fearless sang  
Glad echo to the thunder, and flash'd back  
The bright look of the lightning, and did fly  
On the dark pinions of the hurricane spirit  
In rapturous repose; till suddenly  
My soul expanded, and I sprang aloft  
Into the lightning flame, leaping for joy  
From cloud to cloud. Then, first I felt my wings  
Wave into immortality, and flew  
Across the ocean with a shouting host  
Of thunders at my heels, and lit up heaven,  
And earth and sea, with one quick lamp, and crown'd  
The mountains with a momentary gold,  
Then cover'd them with blackness. Then I glanced  
Upon the mighty city in her sleep,

Pierced all her mysteries with one swift look,  
 Then bade my thunders shout. The city trembled;  
 And charm'd with the sublime outcry, I paus'd  
 And listen'd. Yet had I to rise and learn  
 A loftier lesson. I was lifted high  
 Into the heavens, and there became a star,  
 And on my new-form'd orb two angels sat.  
 The one thus spoke: 'O spirit, young and pure!  
 Say, wilt thou be my shrine? I am of old,  
 The first of all things, and of all the greatest;  
 I am the Sovereign Majesty, to whom  
 The universe is given, though for a while  
 I war with rebels strong; my name is Truth,  
 I am the Spirit of wisdom, love, and power,  
 And come to claim thee; and if thou obey  
 My guiding, I will give thee thy desire,  
 Even eternal life.' He ceas'd, and then  
 The second angel spoke. 'Ask not, O soul!  
 My name; I bid thee free thyself, and know  
 Thou hast the fount of life in thy own breast,  
 And need'st no guiding: be a child no longer;  
 Throw off thy fetters, and with me enjoy  
 Thy native independence, and assert  
 Thy innate majesty; Truth binds not me,  
 And yet I am immortal; be thou, too,  
 A god unto thyself.'

"But I had learn'd

My own deep insufficiency, and gazed  
 Indignant on th' unholy angel's face,  
 And pierced its false refulgence, knowing well  
 Obedience only is true liberty  
 For spirits form'd to obey; so best they reign.  
 Straight the base rebel fled, and, ruled by Truth,  
 I roll'd unerring on my shining road  
 Around a glorious centre; free, though bound,  
 Because love bound me, and my law became  
 My life and nature; and my lustrous orb  
 Pure spirits visited: I wore a light  
 That shone across infinitude, and serv'd  
 To guide returning wanderers. I sang  
 With all my starry sisters, and we danced  
 Around the throne of Time, and wash'd the base  
 Of high Eternity like golden sands.  
 There first my soul drank music, and was taught  
 That melody is part of heaven, and lives  
 In every heaven-born spirit like her breath;  
 There did I learn, that music without end  
 Breathes, murmurs, swells, echoes, and floats, and peals,  
 And thunders through creation, and in truth  
 Is the celestial language, and the voice  
 Of love; and now my soul began to speak  
 The speech of immortality. But yet  
 I was to learn a lesson more severe—  
 To shine alone in darkness, and the deeps  
 Of sordid earth. So did I fall from heaven

Far into night, beneath the mountains' roots,  
 There, as a diamond burning amidst things  
 Too base for utterance. Then, alas! I felt  
 The stirrings of impatience, pining sore  
 For freedom, and communion with the fires  
 And majesties of heaven, with whom erewhile  
 I walk'd, their equal. I had not yet learn'd  
 That our appointed place is loftiest,  
 However lowly. I was made to feel  
 The dignity of suffering. O, my sons!  
 Sorrow and joy are but the spirit's life;  
 Without these she is scarcely animate;  
 Anguish and bliss ennoble: either proves  
 The greatness of its subject, and expands  
 Her nature into power; her every pulse  
 Beats into new-born force, urging her on  
 To conquering energy.—Then was I cast  
 Into hot fires and flaming furnaces,  
 Deep in the hollow globe; there did I burn  
 Deathless in agony, without murmur,  
 Longing to die, until my patient soul  
 Fainted into perfection: at that hour,  
 Being victorious, I was snatch'd away  
 To yet another lesson. I became  
 A date-tree in the desert, to pour out  
 My life in dumb benevolence, and full  
 Obedience to each wind of heaven that blew.  
 The traveller came—I gave him all my shade,  
 Asking for no reward; the lost bird flew  
 For shelter to my branches, and I hid  
 Her nest among my leaves; the sunbeams ask'd  
 To rest their hot and weary feet awhile  
 On me, and I spread out my every arm  
 T' embrace them, fanning them with all my plumes.  
 Beneath my shade the dying pilgrim fell  
 Praying for water; I cool dewdrops caught  
 And shook them on his lip; I gave my fruit  
 To strengthen the faint stranger, and I sang  
 Soft echoes to the winds, living in nought  
 For self; but in all things for others' good.  
 The storm arose, and patiently I bore  
 And yielded to his tyranny; I bow'd  
 My tenderest foliage to his angry blast,  
 And suffer'd him to tear it without sigh,  
 And scatter on the waste my all of wealth.  
 The billowing sands o'erwhelm'd me, yet I stood  
 Silent beneath them; so they roll'd away,  
 And rending up my roots, left me a wreck  
 Upon the wilderness.

“ 'Twas thus, my sons,  
 I dream'd my spirit wander'd, till at length,  
 As desolate I mourn'd my helpless woe,  
 My guardian angel took me to his heart,  
 And thus he said: 'Spirit, well tried and true!  
 Conqueror I have made thee, and prepar'd

For human life; behold! I wave the palm  
Of immortality before thine eyes;  
'Tis thine; it shall be thine, if thou aright  
Acquit thee of the part which yet remains,  
And teach what thou hast learn'd.'

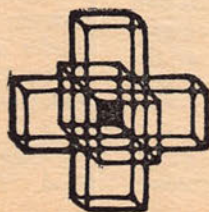
"This said, he smil'd  
And gently laid me in my mother's arms.  
Thus far the vision brought me—then it fled,  
And all was silence. Ah! 'twas but a dream;  
This soul in vain struggles for purity;  
This self-tormenting essence may exist  
For ever; but what joy can being give  
Without perfection! vainly do I seek  
That bliss for which I languish. Surely yet  
The Day-spring of our nature is to come;  
Mournful we wait that dawning; until then  
We grovel in the dust—in midnight grope,  
For ever seeking, never satisfied."

Thus spake the solemn seer, then pausing, sigh'd,  
For all was darkness.

### *Pythagoras*

Death, so called, is but old matter dressed  
In some new form. And in a varied vest  
From tenement to tenement, though tossed,  
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost:  
And, as the softened wax new seals receives,  
This face assumes, and that impression leaves,  
Now called by one, now by another name,  
The form is only changed, the wax is still the same.  
Then, to be born is to begin to be  
Some other thing we were not formerly.  
That forms are changed, I grant; that nothing can  
Continue in the figure it began.

—*Metamorphoses* of Ovid



# Reincarnation and Modern Thought

By Alexander Horne  
(California)

**R**EINCARNATION is customarily discussed from the point of view of the man-in-the-street, and the considerations most often brought forward are the homely ones that such an individual can appreciate and understand. It would be interesting, however, to see whether or not those of more acute intellect, with better trained and more critical minds, could also find reason enough to uphold such a belief. When we probe the problem in this direction we do find indeed that several professional philosophers have given this theory the support of their analytical powers and have found in reincarnation a reasonable philosophy of life.

The philosophers of antiquity may, for our present purposes, be passed by. The part that metempsychosis played in the philosophy of Plato and of the neo-Platonists, for instance, is well known. Similarly, we will not here speak of the philosophers belonging to the centuries immediately preceding our own (Kant, Hegel, Schelling, Fichte the younger, and others) to whom the belief in transmigration, in one variation or another, has been attributed,\* but will confine ourselves to two philosophers of our own day—James Ward and McTaggart—who have analyzed the various implications connected with the theory in question and have satisfactorily solved the moral and intellectual difficulties involved, emerging therefrom with a conviction of the philosophical reasonableness of the transmigrationist view.

JAMES WARD

Of the two philosophers mentioned,

James Ward\*\* is the less positive of the two in the manner of his expression. He discusses the theory calmly and aloofly, as befits an observer of the phenomena of life, and analyzes transmigration and all it implies with the impartiality of an astronomer discussing the canals of Mars. When he therefore concludes—still in a very intellectual and undogmatic manner—that transmigration has many philosophical considerations in its favor, outweighing its philosophical and empirical difficulties, we somehow feel that the theory has here had its severest test, and has emerged, as a result of it, victorious.

Intellectual difficulties, of course, there are aplenty, but Prof. Ward neither minimizes them nor brushes them aside. The theory involves "a ramifying network" of assumptions, it is true; but since even its critics find that it is not capable of positive disproof, then, says Prof. Ward, the objector, if he is to be consistent, "is bound to show that the result of the whole is worthless. Till then, summarily to reject it involves the still more extravagant assumption that we have exhausted all possibilities and that what may be only our lack of knowledge of its empirical conditions is tantamount to a proof of its impossibility." Which, reduced to simpler language, merely means that, even though we may not know the actual details along which a law of life is carried out, we have no right to insist that such a law is absolutely impossible.

"The appeal to ignorance," admits Prof. Ward, "no doubt cuts both

\*See E. D. Walker, *Reincarnation: A Study of Forgotten Truth*, chapter on "Prose Writers on Reincarnation." For an accurate appreciation, however, of the philosophical systems Walker mentions, a first-hand study is recommended, as he seems in some instances to have overestimated and misinterpreted the writers he cites.

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ways: it does not allow us to treat hypotheses as knowledge, but on the other hand it does not destroy their working utility if, consistently with what we do know, they enable us even tentatively to reach a completer and more satisfactory *Weltanschauung*." The actual question then before us is: Has reincarnation any utility as a "working hypothesis"? Is it at least consistent with what we already know? Does it lead to a completer and more satisfactory world-view? If these questions can be answered in the affirmative (and Prof. Ward intimates that they can), then the theory becomes philosophically acceptable. As to the complexities with which we know the theory of reincarnation to be surrounded, "after all," says Prof. Ward, "it should give the scornful objector pause, to think how many of the vital processes, about which we have definite knowledge, involve an elaborate adjustment of multifarious details that would be utterly incredible but for its familiarity."\*

Philosophical difficulties, moreover, meet us at every turn no matter what system it is that we happen to be examining. In this respect the "traducian" and the "creationist" views of the soul's origin fare no better. The former—according to which souls are seen to be generated from the union of souls, just as bodies result from the union of bodies—"is hard to reconcile with any true spiritualism"; while the latter view—according to which God is seen to create a new soul at each birth—"is alien to the theory of evolution and open to other obvious difficulties besides"—as we only too well know. Transmigration seems then to be left as the only alternative.

"From this point of view," says James Ward, "death becomes indeed

but a longer sleep dividing life as sleep divides day from day; and as there is progress from day to day, so too there may be from life to life. And we may perhaps see another resemblance," he goes on to say. "As we often do things better for sleeping over them—though we remember nothing of the subconscious processes through which our plans have matured—so we may do better in a future life, though the new awakening has crowded out the memories of our sojourn in the other world."\*\*

And thus, going from strength to strength as we go from life to life, we succeed in transcending the pitiful limitations of a single lifetime and realize the hopes and ideals with which our souls are imbedded. "Within the whole range of the wide world's literature," comments Prof. Ward, "we find no more constant theme than just this disparity between man's possibilities and inspirations on the one hand and the narrow scope afforded them in the brief space of the present life on the other." From the standpoint of the one-life view, in fact, these unrealizable ideals become a mockery and a taunt; from the reincarnationist view, however, they but represent a level of perfection well within the scope of attainment, since all eternity is before us.

#### THE HEAVEN-LIFE THEORY

Some such possibility of eventual perfection is of course also held out to us from the standpoint of an eternal heaven-life as depicted in current theology. Heavenly immortality, as a matter of fact, is defended by the theologians from the same considerations that Prof. Ward and Theosophists generally would defend transmigration: it gives infinite room for the attainment of the perfection we all crave.

\*Dr. J. S. Haldane, in his book *Mechanism, Life, and Personality*, paints a very vivid picture of the complexity and inter-relatedness of the bodily functions—respiration, absorption, secretion, regeneration, growth, nutrition,—and the delicacy with which physiological regulation is being carried on. But he says very pointedly, in discussing the mechanistic theory of life: "By what physical or chemical process regulation is brought about we do not know."

\*\*In this "other world," the Theosophist would say, we digest and assimilate the lessons we have learnt on earth, and, returning to earth-life in another incarnation, bring back with us the essence of all our past experience.

The difficulties involved in the theological theory, however—when we try to visualize some of the conditions logically following upon such an idea—become insuperable, as Prof. Alexander Campbell Fraser\* has no difficulty in showing.

Without even having to appeal to the tribunal of logic and metaphysics, as Dr. Campbell Fraser does, common-sense alone ought to tell us that heavenly immortality, as commonly conceived, is indefensible. For if a heaven-life, amid rapturous tranquillity and bliss, is capable of supporting the development of character and of all our human faculties, then where in heaven's name is the necessity of this vale of tears and of sorrow, where every step in the upward path is gained only at the cost of terrible pain, and all progression accomplished only over the carcasses of our sacrificed selves? Earth-life, in fact, becomes a Machiavellian mockery again, as soon as we allow progress and the attainment of perfection—the only things that can explain the necessity of a life on earth—to be possible in heaven.

Prof. Campbell Fraser, however, criticizes the heaven-theory from more metaphysical considerations than the above. Heaven-life, he points out, insofar as it is supposed to be a purely spiritual condition (and a "material" heaven would only duplicate many of earth's conditions and limitations) must necessarily be spaceless; and since Time necessarily presupposes the perception of motion in space, then a spaceless existence must as a result be timeless also. Now, if all notion of duration disappears, then memory becomes impossible (since memories hang, so to speak, on a time-table); and if memories disappear, or become confused, what then happens to personal identity (which, according to Hume, is wholly the result of the oper-

ation of memory)? Even thought, when psychologically analyzed, becomes impossible in a purely spiritual, non-material existence. For thought is possible only on the basis of language (we think concretely, that is, with the help of mentally expressed words), and language is only possible where a connection exists between personal consciousness and a sensible world.

Timeless, spaceless, memoryless, and thoughtless—such becomes the existence of a purely spiritual immortality. Personal consciousness under such conditions thus becomes impossible; such consciousness requires contrast and resistance. Spiritual existence, in other words, can function effectively only through some material vehicle.\*\* A purely spiritual existence, such as heaven-life is commonly supposed to be, is psychologically impossible.

Granting immortality, then (and since a purely spiritual existence is impossible), a more or less material existence in some form or another is thus left to us as the only other possibility open.

We can of course imagine, as Emerson did,\*\*\* that the soul travels from planet to planet and thus achieves personal continuity of existence, but to believe that it goes to inhabit a second planet before it has exhausted the possibilities of the first, is to accuse life of a prodigal wastefulness and is the opposite of all our experience. It contradicts, furthermore, all logical procedure, which insists that, in a choice between two theories, we always take the simpler. The simpler theory, therefore—granting the necessity for a continued material existence in order to achieve life's fullest aims—is a return to earth, where life still holds in store for us much valuable experience and vast scope for further development.

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\*\*"It is an undeniable fact," says John Fiske, in his book *Through Nature to God*, "that we cannot know anything whatever except as contrasted with something else. . . . Without the element of antagonism there could be no consciousness. . . ."

\*\*\*Cf. his essay on "Immortality." Walker says that Kant subscribed to a somewhat similar theory.

## DR. MCTAGGART

To such a conclusion as the above we do find indeed Dr. McTaggart\* arriving, after a searching analysis into the nature of existence. He fully allows the argument in favor of immortality as commonly put forward, since a single lifetime is largely incomplete and unrealized. "We continually find that death leaves a fault without a retribution," he comments, "and retribution without a repentance, a preparation without an achievement." Immortality, it is true, might seem to rectify all that; but "any evidence," McTaggart thinks, "which will prove immortality will prove pre-existence." Comparing our present level with that of animal life, this growth, he feels, must have come about through a long pre-existent state. A purely spiritual pre-existence is here ruled out of court for precisely the same reasons that make a purely spiritual immortality impossible. Hence our past existence must have been a material one, most probably spent on earth.

Now, granting at least *one* previous earthly existence, Dr. McTaggart reasons that, since we have lived before and died, and are living now and will in time die, it must then follow, if nature is uniform, that we will live yet again, and again, and again. A plurality of lives, according to McTaggart, is thus the most reasonable hypothesis philosophy can offer. "Such life as ours now, in which sin jostles with virtue, and doubt with confidence, and hatred with love," he points out, "cannot satisfy us, but it can teach us a great deal—far more than can be learned between a single life and a single death. Not only," he sagely remarks, "because the time is so short, but because there are so many things which are incompatible within a single life. No man can learn fully in one life the lessons of unbroken health and

of bodily sickness, of riches and of poverty, of study and action, of comradeship and of isolation, of defiance and of obedience, of virtue and of vice. And yet they are all so good to learn. Is it not worth much to be able to hope that what we have missed in one life may come to us in another?\*" . . . . Death acquires a deeper and more gracious significance when we regard it as part of the continually recurring rhythm of progress—as inevitable, as natural, and as benevolent as sleep."

Such a process, of course, cyclic though it be, is not necessarily endless, Dr. McTaggart thinks. Change finally "changes into the unchanging, and then 'Stretched out on the spoils which his own hand spread, as a God self-slain on his own strange altar, Death lies dead.'\*\*\*"

## THE PROBLEM OF MEMORY

It is only natural, of course, that both Prof. James Ward and Dr. McTaggart should have fully realized the difficulty brought about by the fact that we do not remember our past lives. If a future life is to have any worth or meaning, says Prof. Ward, "a certain personal continuity and continuity of development is essential."

In regard to the former, the difficulties so often felt on that score, he points out, are "largely due to bad psychology," for they presuppose that all connection between a man's present and past life is broken merely because certain objective records are lost. This assumption, he thinks, is a questionable one, for "memory," psychologically considered, is a power of mental "seeing" somewhat analogous to the faculty of ocular vision. Now an intervening object may obstruct the physical view, without impairing the fact that the thing one would look at is all the while in the direct line of sight. Similarly, accident or disease may impair the ability of the brain to call back

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\*\*Thus Lessing, also, cries out: "Why should I not come back as often as I am capable of acquiring fresh knowledge, fresh expertness? Do I bring away so much from one life that there is nothing to repay coming back?" See Walker, *loc. cit.*

\*\*\*Swinburne, *A Forsaken Garden*.

certain memories, but these memories, says Prof. Ward, may nevertheless exist.

In the case of the theory we are discussing, the dissolution of a brain may very well indeed cause a permanent obstruction in the functioning of the individual memory. The memories are there, so to speak, but the new brain we now have is unable to recall them.\*

James Ward is in this manner seen to view the operations of memory in identically the same light as does Bergson, who, in his masterly work, *Matter and Memory*, has shown that the brain is not at all (as has been imagined) the instrument of memory, but a focussing device, merely, analyzing certain memories and repressing others—otherwise conscious, intelligent life, would be absolutely confused and impossible. It is not the brain, therefore, that stores recollections; these exist apart from the brain, and remain unaffected by any disturbance that the brain itself may undergo. In aphasia and amnesia, for instance, the brain finds itself incapable of focusing certain recollections; but these recollections are still in existence nevertheless. This is proven, Bergson says, by the fact that they may come into focus during a dream, or may become completely restored to one's waking state after some emotional shock has been experienced. All thought, in fact, says Bergson, is independent of the brain; and on this basis he builds his belief that the soul is an independent entity, and capable of survival. The brain, instead of being the organ of

consciousness that it has been thought to be, actually constricts and limits it, and it may well be that, after the death of the physical body, the soul finds itself in a condition free of such encumbering limitations and capable of a vastly more vivid psychic existence. ". . . Preservation and even intensification of personality are not only possible but even probable after the disintegration of the body,"—so probable, in fact, "that the onus of proof falls on him who denies it rather than on him who affirms it."

If such is the case, some philosophers argue, may it not be that in this freer life after "death" we may recover the recollections of our previous existences? Prof. Campbell Fraser, for one, thinks that this may indeed be the case, and Prof. James Ward cites Renouvier, Max Drossbach, J. Reynaud, and others, as thinking likewise. It may be true, after all, he says, that "the personality is only temporary, and that the successive lives of a given subject may be eventually connected through continuous but latent memories that are revived after death or when all the soul's *Wanderjahre* are over."

#### IMAGE-MEMORY AND HABIT-MEMORY

Bergson goes still further in providing us with a psychological understanding of the operations of memory and its bearing on the theory of reincarnation.\*\*

Memory, in reality, he points out, has two very distinct aspects, one conscious, the other subconscious. The former is the image-forming memory with which we are most familiar; the

\* A little thought, on the basis of common-sense alone, should soon show us the unreasonableness of the objection so often brought up against the theory of reincarnation, without even having recourse to the profundities of psychological analysis. Why, as a matter of fact, do we fail to remember our infancy? "Because," the ready answer is usually given, "our brain is not sufficiently organized to retain impressions." If, then, the brain during infancy cannot retain impressions, how could it be expected to carry over the impressions of a previous state—even if all the other essential factors were present? In senility, again, we often find the major part of a man's recollections being dissolved—his own children become strangers to him.

To make personal identity dependent on memory, says Dr. McTaggart, in fact, would be to make it dependent on something that is continually fluctuating—a difficulty that even Hume seems to have been unable to overcome. (See his essay, "Of Personal Identity," in his *Treatise of Human Nature*.) We only remember a very small portion of our past.

\*\* I must not be understood, however, to intimate that Bergson, also, believes in reincarnation. Perhaps he does, but I have so far come across no evidence of it in his writings. His views on Memory, however, are extremely interesting in connection with the theory we are discussing.

latter is the character-forming memory of which we are for the most part oblivious, but which may well be the more important of the two.

An experience, he says, stores memory in two forms: (1) as a latent image, ready to be evoked under the proper conditions; (2) as a habit, a faculty, a capacity, a digested essence, so to speak, of the experience, ready to provoke a suitable reaction when the right trigger is pulled. The former *images* the past; the latter *acts it out*. The memory of an experience, in the latter case, has in fact created in the personality a predisposition to act in a certain way. This we call "character." When it is the result of an experience often repeated, it becomes a "habit." Now this subconscious activity, Bergson thinks, is "also a memory, but a memory profoundly different from the first." Yet, despite this difference, it just as surely points the finger of identity to the experience which gave rise to it, as the image-forming memory does. We thus may apparently "forget" a certain experience; that is, we may lose (temporarily or permanently) the power to recall the corresponding image to our conscious minds; but if the *result* of that experience acts itself out in our daily life, then surely that experience is not wholly lost to us.\* It remains part of our inner self, a subconscious "memory," permanent and indestructible, where our conscious image-forming memory is but tricky and evanescent.

"If we look at the matter clearly," Bergson concludes, "we shall see that our memories form a chain . . . and that our character, always present in all our decisions, is indeed the actual synthesis of all our past states. In this epitomized form, our previous psychical life exists for us even more

than the external world, of which we never perceive more than a very small part, whereas on the contrary we use the whole of our lived experience."

C. Jinarajadasa has made the most of this psychological analysis in his essay "How We Remember Our Past Lives," where he shows that, whereas the images of our past experience cannot ordinarily be recalled, yet the subconscious memory in the form of character and faculty and capacity is with us always. Our personality, everything that we are, is thus the product of all our past experience. "We think," says Bergson, "with only a small part of our past; but it is with our entire past that we desire, and will, and act." In the manifestation of genius, this subconscious memory finds itself raised through successive lives of effort and aspiration to the very pinnacle of perfection. "Whenever," says Moore, therefore, "the deeper layers of a man's being are offered to the world in some creation through philosophy, literature, art, science, there may be noted tendencies started in other lives."

Thus, indeed, we may not remember—yet we have memories. The brain, renewed at each incarnation, fails (and quite naturally) to bring over the images of preceding states; but the soul, the seat of our faculties and character, preserves the distilled essence of all our past lives. Every day, every moment, we are performing some action, purely characteristic of our own selves, into which our entire past overflows, making us one with it.

Thus do we "remember" our past lives—subconsciously, without effort, but effectively, and to an eternally beneficent purpose. Nothing we have ever done or thought or felt is lost. Every experience, every pain, is today an element of our integrated selves.

\* Psychoanalysis brings to light many of these subconscious memories: e. g., an exaggerated fear of the dark, or of crowds, or of dogs, resulting perhaps from some terrifying (but forgotten) experience of childhood. No experience, however, can be considered truly "forgotten" when it has such an overpowering influence over our personality.

# Psychology of Sound, Silence and Color

By E. Abbott

(Holland)

**S**OME 1900 years ago, Dionysius the Areopagite, the convert, friend and disciple of St. Paul, said that there were three ways of imparting knowledge—by spoken word, by written word, and by the flashing of thought from mind to mind, without the medium of speech. I want to consider these three methods here and show the important part the mere utterance of the vowel sounds may play in our evolution.

Let us begin with the spoken word. I remember reading a romance by H. G. Wells, many years ago, called "*When the Sleeper Wakes*," with the idea developed therein of how the spoken word could never die—that the sound vibrations continued in the ether and reverberated to all eternity. Sound is creative, the universe came into being by means of the spoken word. Elsewhere we read that speech is the vehicle of the Third Logos, and it may be that the vowel sounds are special channels for the outpouring of Divine Life and Power over the world. I think every religion stresses the importance of speech, that of every idle word we must give account.

The coming Renaissance of religion and spirituality will probably bring into prominence the occult powers of speech and song. In the universe nothing is isolated (excepting a lost soul), and the vowel sounds are linked with colors, musical notes, planes, planets and archangels. We are only just beginning to wake up to the possibilities that lie behind the spoken word. With the necessary apparatus a voice speaking in Amsterdam or London may cross the ocean and be heard in New York and elsewhere.

But who can follow that voice through the ether or imagine the forms built up and their power and influence

in the non-human kingdoms of Nature? The idea that these voices, speaking so carelessly across oceans and continents cannot die, but like pebbles thrown into a pond make ripples in ever widening circles till they reach the land—go on and on as long as time shall last—is both humiliating and awe-inspiring.

We Theosophists are very often accused of doing nothing but talk. For fifty years we have been talking of reincarnation, karma, and the oneness of the Divine Life animating all forms. These are things we cannot fully prove, and yet the ideas have spread, especially of reincarnation; one can hardly take up a book or magazine without finding some reference to what someone did or was in a previous state of existence. We have talked and talked of these things, but the power hidden in the spoken (and in the silent written) word has been productive, and the Christian world is gradually accepting—tentatively, it is true—the possibility of rebirth. It may be that with the development of wireless telegraphy—still in its infancy—future generations will carry instruments, as we now carry watches, that are receivers and transmitters of ideas broadcasted from the mental plane.

## VOWELS AS DRIVING POWER

Now in the spoken and written word we must use vowels and consonants; and I think that it is in the vowels that we must look for the driving power behind speech and the written word. I find all our English vowels and diphthongs can be formed from the Italian *a, e, i, o, u*. The English grammar books mention *w* and *y*, but they can be equally well expressed by *ou* and *i*. I have based all my experiments on the Italian sounds and got some very strange music from sentences

taken from the Latin mass. There is one sound *o* as in the French word "oeuvre" or the German *o* that baffled me; we write it in several ways in conjunction generally with the consonant *r* such as *sir*, *putr*, *verse*. I believe it and *u* are embryonic vowel sounds that will be brought to perfection in some future race.

We are told that the Egyptians considered the vowels as the soul of language and the consonants as only the body. Great sacredness was attributed to the vowels; they were never written but left to the intuition of the reader. In the Hebrew language, too, perhaps influenced by the Egyptians from whom they got all their learning and culture, points are used instead of vowels.

In ancient times the written word was held sacred, perhaps because the number of those who could read and write was relatively small, and also because the exoteric religion was founded on some ancient writing; the esoteric teachings were only given vocally to those specially trained to receive them. Also the art of writing was one of the privileges of the priests and rarely found outside the sacerdotal caste. But all priests were not instructed in reading and writing. I personally have met illiterate priests of the Orthodox Greek Church in Asia Minor, Thessaly and Roumania. They could recite their masses and portions of the Gospels and Epistles by rote. Roman Catholic priests are obliged to study some years before they can be ordained, and have great contempt for their unlettered Greek brethren, where the churches are side by side. Fifty years ago the Masonic rituals were not written down nor printed. The R.W.M. had to know the whole rite by heart and instruct the Brn. orally. From this it may be inferred that in early times the potency of both Christian and Masonic rituals was considered to be in the spoken word.

Now there is another power, the power of the Silence which lies behind thought when all thought is stilled—the power sought by mystics of every

age and nation, the power of the Second Logos whose strength is in the silence—the mother of all sound. In the Mysteries of Mithras the ritual begins with a threefold invocation to the Silence, the Mother of the Gods, the source of Being, Power, Magic. Perhaps in Europe the best known system is that of Molyneux and the Quietists in the 17th century, and of Mme. Guyon in the 18th; in our own time the Quakers still meet and sit in silence till one among them is impelled by the Spirit to speak. The Spiritualists, too, know the value of silence if they would get any results at their séances. In Europe, in this present age of noise of motor horns, factory sirens, and railway whistles, it is hard to find silence. I sometimes wonder if all this noise is a part of the evolutionary process, if our nervous systems are not being ruthlessly developed that we may become more sensitive and the sixth sense more rapidly evolved.

To find silence we must go far from men, far from cities to the shadows of great forests, to mountain solitudes, to the still ocean, to the wide plains; some few can find it in themselves. There are still great monastic orders away from the noise and bustle of towns where the monks work silently in the fields, the vineyards, in their gardens, always silent through the long silent years—sometimes so long that they forget they have the power of speech. It is interesting to speculate how much the silences of men and nature neutralize the babble of the world—does it neutralize, or simply complement? May not the silence, of men, of great spaces, of night, of death, be the source of all activity, all invention, all inspiration? Without the silence could the race exist? Could it exist without sound? If sound is the power of the Third Logos and silence that of the Second, then are they a pair of opposites which must endure as long as time itself.

I have said that the vowel sounds are linked with colors, musical notes, planes, planets and archangels. I am going to tell you what I have dug out

of myself. I have consulted no books, asked no advice, but simply brooded over the vowels, watching their effect on my consciousness, noticing and following up the thoughts that came into my mind. It may be this is an instance of the third method of imparting knowledge, of teaching flashed from the mental plane that my brain has caught up and translated into speech. Perhaps my translation is a misunderstood and misinterpreted one, that I am entirely wrong. I do not know. If I have only broken ground of a vast subject, I am content.

#### THE LETTER "A"

I began with the first vowel, *a*, which is also the first letter of every alphabet I know. I tried to get into it and feel its power and meaning. Very soon it began to sing to me on *sol*, rich and full and deep. *Sol* has been called the note of joy, it is the traditional note on which the mass is said or sung. I heard it sometimes above middle *do*, sometimes below—the only note I heard double, for it sang that it was the beginning and end of all created things. The color is a rich, deep blue, like a southern summer sky, the scent is like incense, the light is the light of the summer noonday glory; the feeling is of vastness and the peace of infinitude. It is the note of the ether and of the atmic plane, the vehicle of the Great Being who is the Ruler and archangel of the planet Jupiter, the Spiritual Self, the Lord of Life, giving the power of growth, expansion, spiritual intuition.

#### THE LETTER "E"

The *e* is on the note *re*. This has been called the note of prayer. The color is vivid flame, the scent is of sandalwood. The feeling is beauty, harmony, unity. It is the note of the fire that burns up all dross and purifies all nature, of the buddhic plane. The light is the light of the sunrise, of the dawn that is ever new. It is the vehicle of the Ruler of the planet Venus, the Lord of Love and Divine Compassion.

#### THE LETTER "I"

The note of *i* is *mi*. As I listen to it, it seems so incomplete; it is the note of humanity itself, of hope and aspiration not yet achieved. The color is golden yellow, the scent is like the narcissus, the element is the air, the plane the mental. The light is of the sunset. the Ruler is the Lord of Mercury, the Divine Mind, Giver of Intelligence, that shows itself as a feeling of separateness, coolness, aloofness.

#### THE LETTER "O"

The letter *o* is considered by some occultists—mostly Kabbalists, I believe—to be the most sacred and potent of all the vowels. In a sense, perhaps, there is some truth in it. For it is the vowel and note of Mars under whose aegis the Western World is evolving. To Him we owe all our restless energy, our initiative, and power of self-sacrifice. In connection with this, it is interesting to observe that in most European languages the letter "o" enters into the word that stands for God. The only exceptions I know of are the French *Dieu*, and the Hungarian *Isten*.

"O" has *do* for its note: it sings to me of combat and struggle, I hear faintly the throb of the war drums of primitive peoples, I sense the drums and trappings of conquest, the ravages of fire, sword, desolation. The color is blood-red, the scent pungent and aromatic. The light is the afterglow of the sunset, water is its element, it belongs to the astral plane. The Ruler is the Lord of the planet Mars, the divine energy, activity, sentient life, the power that builds up the personality, and shows as change, conflict, restlessness.

#### THE LETTER "U"

The note of *u* is *fa*. *Fa* has been called the note of sorrow, for it is the note of the earth and of the physical plane. The color is green, the scent as of wood fires and burning pine cones. The light is the light of the twilight, the divine gloom of the Mysteries, which veils the unimaginable Light of God. And the powers bestowed by

the Lord of the Earth on His Children are limitations, the limitations of pain, mortality, time, and place.

There still remain two notes *la* and *si*, two colors, and the two sounds *oe* and *u*, which for the sake of argument we will consider embryonic vowels—to be developed in future races, globes or rounds. It is quite possible that all our vowel sounds are embryonic, and the perfection of humanity is coincident with their development. Let us try to touch the fringe of their mystery and magic.

I think it is the experience of every singer to find there are one or more notes that have a marked effect on you as you sing them—notes that stir and thrill you, lifting your consciousness, for a brief moment on to the threshold of some higher plane of being. You seem on the verge of some marvelous fulfillment of some half-forgotten dream—a dream which, if we could only recall it, would reveal itself as a memory of an immortal life, once known and lived in the Kingdom of the Pure, from which we came and to which we shall return.

On me, *la* and *sol* had this effect. To me *la* is linked with *er* (*oe*). It is the note of mystery, of doubt and perplexity, of unquenchable hope and spiritual longing, and is expressed in the indigo, the only dark color in the spectrum. To see indigo at its best and purest you must look up at the sky on some clear moonless night, when the light of the stars makes "the darkness visible"; it is linked with Saturn (or Satan), the Lord of Darkness, of Sorrow, of Death, of Desolation—the Destroyer—the Builder of forms. Through the velvet indigo darkness of the night we see countless stars, to us mere points of light, glowing like tiny lamps in the somber immensities of space. And these same tiny lamps are bright suns of other systems, vaster, more splendid, more glorious than our own. We are awed by the majesty of those star-strewn realms of space—for beyond those farthest stars, those suns of mighty systems, lie others, and yet others, in the infinite universe of mani-

fest life. *Life—what is life?* What do we know of life, who only earth life know? We who are submerged in the bitter blood-stained waters of the physical plane, imprisoned in forms, chained to bodies of the densest matter—how can we know anything of the life which is Infinitude?

And yet to the eyes of the spirit all this visible universe is illusion—a small octave of light vibrations to which our eyes can respond. These splendid suns with their encircling planets—what are they but "bubbles in koilon, voids in the boundless ethers of space, specks of darkness in the infinite universe of Light"? *Occult Chemistry*, (Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater). So are they seen by that wider, higher sight which is our heritage in some future age.

A dictionary defines life as "the sum total of the acts of a living being from birth to death." No scientist can tell us what it is. Only the forms which hide and imprison it can be described. Life is the secret which may not be communicated by one to another. When the time is ripe, it is revealed by the supreme Master of Life Himself, and to each individual it is different.

One calls to mind a verse from the *Upanishats*:

"When the beyond the darkness is attained, nor day nor night nor being nor non-being then. Blessed, ay pure is He. This is the absolute the adorable condition of the Lord. From That too hath come forth the Wisdom old."

That "beyond the darkness"—so often have I repeated these words and thought over this phrase, trying to understand. It may well be that when thought is stilled, and perfect silence reached, there comes a moment of blank unconsciousness, of dense and terrifying darkness—and then a great awakening, a new birth into a new kingdom which is light. There the reality behind thought is contacted, and thought itself is seen as only an effect or form of something infinitely greater.

Perhaps this is the "beyond the darkness" which when attained, Life is known and recognized as "neither

being nor non-being but the source of both. As above, so below, as below so above. What is true of man the microcosm is true of the Kosmos, the macrocosm: manifestation in matter is darkness, whether the spirit manifesting be man, collective humanity, or the universe.

The Egyptians had among their symbols: the cross—the veiled lamp or sacred fire enshrouded—all symbols of the Crucifixion of the Logos in matter. The indigo is the darkness that veils the light, and the lamp is the light of the spirit—one and indivisible—obsured and hidden in the life of form, the crucifixion of Deity and of Humanity.

In his many veils of matter, through many incarnations, man is gaining experience in the worlds of form. This experience is garnered and stored in the Treasure House of the universe. Transmuted into wisdom it becomes the priceless heritage of future races of men, angels, gods. As long as life is imprisoned in form Saturn is watching, testing, tempting—the greatest enemy, the greatest friend of man. And when man sins, it is the law that he must pay the wages of sin, and plunge yet deeper into the darkness and blank unconsciousness of his own divinity. When he grows strong and begins to break the bonds of form, gifts are abundantly showered upon him—for Saturn bestows on man the power to transmute him who is darkness into light.

We come now to our 7th vowel (or embryonic vowel), to the violet color, the 7th and last color of the spectrum, and to "si," the 7th and last note of the octave: as it is the end of a cycle, it is the note of triumph and exultation, of victory and achievement. After the crucifixion in the darkness comes the glory of the resurrection and ascension into the boundless realms of Light.

But I can find no planet for the "ü." It declines emphatically to be associated with either Uranus or Neptune.

According to some astronomers both these planets are intruders—perhaps outcasts from some other solar system. Uranus was discovered only 150 years ago, Neptune within living memory. Since their advent the world has been changing rapidly, perhaps their work will soon be finished—soon, as they reckon time and they may whirl themselves off to some other more interesting field of activity. In the meantime they outrage and shock all the manners, customs and conventions of a well brought up solar system. They rotate the wrong way round the sun, and have their poles from east to west. Uranus has four moons—they appear to rise in the south and set in the north. My last little vowel will have none of them. I understand the reason now but at first it puzzled me—for all the other vowels seem to be parts of the planets to which I assigned them.

Violet is formed by the mixing of red and blue, showing the union of the qualities of strength, energy, courage, self-sacrifice with love, power and peace. It is the highest color in the aura, seen only when the spiritual nature begins to manifest. We read in the Apocalypse that the 12th and last gate of the Heavenly City is an amethyst. The amethyst is also the gem and symbol of Pisces the 12th and last sign of the Zodiac—the sign of the World Savors and the perfecting of humanity, having passed through the darkness of the indigo, the death and burial in terrestrial life, they are ready to return, bearing with them their rich harvest of experience, to the Glory from which they came. And the violet of spiritual love is the last veil of the lamp, when it is removed the flame is released and becomes the infinite light.

What need then is there for any outside power from any Lord of any planet working through sound, silence or color when man has transcended mortality and knows himself as a God and Lord of all?

# Lives—Past, Present, Predetermined

By Marie R. Hotchener

**I**N other pages of this magazine you may read the meaning of the doctrine of rebirth, reincarnation, pre-existence—all names applied to the theory of multiple lives—and of its acceptance being of scientific, moral, and spiritual necessity. And since these opinions have been so forcibly stated from the point of view of its necessity, I shall approach the subject from another aspect—my own first-hand, physical and superphysical experiences. Ordinarily one might hesitate to share such intimate personal events with others for fear of being misunderstood, but when the motive is right—a desire to be of help—fear vanishes and altruism takes its place, motivating the pen.

## FIRST TOUCH WITH REINCARNATION

About thirty years ago, before I became a Theosophist, I first learned of the doctrine of reincarnation, and shrank from it with prejudiced mind, or, to be more exact, with fears and emotions that interfered with judgment and reason concerning it. I felt selfishly that I did not want to live again: life had been too unhappy up to that time and did not seem to be playing fair with me. I wanted it to end forever. Yet the knowledge that millions of people, philosophers, scientists, religious leaders, and other serious thinkers believed in rebirth finally induced me to take it into consideration as an hypothesis.

One of those thinkers said: "If the doctrine of reincarnation were accepted, united as it is with the law of cause and effect (karma), it would solve all the problems of the world." At that time this seemed a terribly exaggerated statement, and being in a mood to doubt everything, eventually I set about to analyze and controvert and prove him wrong just for my own satisfaction. I became possessed by an

insatiate desire to do it, and this attitude was evidently the "knock" at the door of truth—though there was very little faith at the time—that gradually, very gradually, opened it to admit me, fully convinced that the learned prelate who had made the seemingly exaggerated statement was absolutely right. It *did* solve to my common-sense and reason the problems, not only of those of others that I studied in the world around me, but my own problems as well.

## EARLY EXPERIENCES AND MEMORIES

Among the books that I read quite some time prior to joining the Theosophical Society (in 1906) was Dr. Besant's *Autobiography*. I was visiting a friend who was sitting near as I read it, while lying on a lounge. The portrait of the author which was included in the book interested me greatly. As I looked at it, the volume seemed to leave my hands and gradually became smaller and smaller, the farther away it went. It finally disappeared, and in its place was a strange scene:

I saw two persons who looked like women, riding in a chariot and approaching the entrance of a Grecian temple. As they descended they became surrounded by an infuriated mob, were dragged towards the temple, and stabbed by persons carrying curious knives that looked like blades of iridescent shell. I felt myself in the body of one of these persons and trying to defend the other from being killed. Suddenly I was looking down on the body I had felt as my own, saw it covered with blood, and the sight filled me with great fear. I looked for my companion but could not find her.

The excitement must have been sufficient to dispel the scene, for I found myself once more on the lounge

in my friend's home, with the book in my hands.

It was my first experience of the kind, and naturally I was frightened, confused, and mystified. My friend was much interested and as mystified as I. But even though neither of us was a member of the Theosophical Society, we had been reading a Theosophical book together. She suggested that what I had seen might be a memory of a past life, and ventured further that it was much like the way Hypatia was killed; this brought to my mind also what had happened to her at her death. Knowing what a great personage Hypatia was, I felt convinced that I could not have been she; but I *did* feel that I might have been one of her students. As years passed the incident slipped from my mind and was forgotten.

Not until some years later did I meet Mrs. Besant, and even then did not know that in a former incarnation she had been Hypatia. I was surprised when some years later still she and Bishop Leadbeater stated that I had been a pupil of Hypatia's, and was killed trying to defend her from a mob armed with peculiar shell-like knives. I had not told her or him of my long-forgotten vision.

Another memory occurred in Switzerland at about this same time, before I joined the Theosophical Society. A peculiar symbol suddenly appeared before my eyes as I was looking at a dark, rocky part of a cliff during an afternoon walk. At first it seemed like a large fully-opened rose, except that the petals were very even and flat. Four pointed green rose leaves were around it, at the back of it and at exact distance from each other, but only about one-half of each leaf could be seen. One was at the extreme right of the top of the rose, another at the bottom; the other two were at the extreme top and bottom of the left side of the rose. The center of the flower was very deep, receding many feet into a sort of fiery vortex, at the extreme, deepest point of which was a tiny cross throwing out flames. The whole vanished after a few moments, but the

symbol remained fixed in my memory, though I did not in the least understand what it meant.

Some days later I saw a wood-carver by the road, as one often sees in Switzerland; he was carving beautiful frames, boxes, and other objects. It occurred to me to ask him to carve my symbol. He succeeded in doing so from a description of it and, very happy, I carried it to my hotel.

When I returned to Paris, not wishing to make explanations that might seem strange to others, and cherishing a feeling of the symbol being somehow sacred, I put it into a secret drawer of a little antique writing table in my bedroom; there it lay with some private papers for some years. Later I joined the T.S. and went to Adyar, and the contents of my home in Paris were sold, as I never expected to live there again.

One day when the past lives of Alcyone were being looked up by Bishop Leadbeater I was seen to be embroidering the robes of the priests in a temple in Atlantis long ago. I asked, What kind of embroidery? He said it was that of strange symbols and flowers, and that one seemed to be a rose with leaves at the upper and lower corners and a little something like a cross in the middle of the flower. There then flashed into my mind a memory of the symbol I had seen in Switzerland. But I remembered, to my great regret, that the writing desk in Paris with the secret drawer containing the forgotten symbol had been sold with the other contents of my home. I was especially sorry at its loss, because it was evidential value of a reincarnated memory.

However, the story did not end there:

Some months later when visiting London at the time of a T.S. Convention, a Theosophist from Paris brought me a package containing things which he had found in a secret drawer of a writing desk he had bought from a dealer in antique furniture. The papers in the drawer had revealed to whom they and the symbol belonged!

The circumstances of this experience were certainly of some evidential value to me at a time when the doctrine of reincarnation was still only an hypothesis to me.

#### LATER INSTANCES

How physical characteristics are carried forward from other lives was proved to me in many instances in those earlier Theosophic days. One of these will suffice:

I have always been troubled with a closing of the throat when I go through any underground passage, a feeling of pressure as though something prevents me from swallowing, and it gradually affects my breathing. Imagination has nothing to do with it, for sometimes at night, when passing through tunnels on a train, and asleep, I have awakened with a severe choking and loss of breath. I had never mentioned this to anyone. Yet in the lives of Orion, published in *The Theosophist*, it is stated that in a past life I had taken refuge in a cave when the city in which I lived had been attacked by vandals. A huge rock in the cave fell upon me. The end of it pressed against my throat till I could no longer breathe.

#### A CORROBORATED DREAM

A year or two ago I remembered in a dream what seemed to be a past life, and related the events of it to Mr. Hotchener. In the dream I recalled my name, and that I had lived in England in the early part of the life, and then crossed with my husband and children to America—to New England with some of the early settlers there.

The events of the life were rather unusual. I had tried to preach, and get the churches to preach, a more liberal Christianity—a doctrine of works as even more important than one of faith. It brought me trouble with the orthodox in the city in which I lived. My husband died there so could no longer defend me. After a time I moved with my family to New York State, in a less settled district, and we were all slaughtered by the Indians. When they had surrounded the

house, fearing a worse fate than death for my young daughter, I shot and killed her, just a moment before I myself was killed.

A day or two after my recent dream a friend came to see me to tell me a dream she had had. She said she had recalled in it being my daughter long ago and that I had shot and killed her to keep some vandals from carrying her away. We found that she had dreamed this the same night of my own dream, though I had not told her of it.

Using the name I had remembered in my dream, and that of the New England city where I had lived, Mr. Hotchener and I, through the aid of friends, searched until we found records which recounted the actual story of the life I had lived, of the more liberal religious reforms I had advocated, and even the record of the murder of myself and family in New York State, by the American Indians. Previous to this dream I had never heard the name of this character.

#### A LITTLE BOY'S MEMORY

Once when I was on my way to India I stayed some days in Colombo, Ceylon. A remarkable case of a child remembering his last life was causing great interest at the time.

Some miles in the country in the vicinity of Kandy on a tea-plantation, there lived a gentleman, his wife, and little son about six years old. The child was too young to read or write, and there were no playmates within miles. He had known nothing of army officers, had no books with such pictures, yet one day when at play he picked up a stick, and while using it as a gun, pronounced and went through the commands and drill of an army captain to his men.

The father, astonished, called to him and asked him what he was doing. He said, "I am Captain —, and I was killed in the Burmese War." The parents, greatly distressed, knowing nothing of reincarnation, thought the child's mind was affected. They took him to the city to a physician. He said that on every other subject the child seemed normal.

This physician had once heard a lecture on reincarnation by a Theosophist, and so told the parents to go to some Theosophists and speak to them about the child, and they did so. One of the Theosophists, being deeply interested, wrote to Burma, and found that a captain of the name that the child mentioned had been killed in the Burmese War. But this is not all of the story.

The little boy was born with a deep birthmark, a long red streak on his right arm—a mark which had always puzzled the parents. It was found that the captain in the Burmese War had died of blood poisoning from a sabre wound on his right arm!

Let the skeptics explain this case! The Theosophists who investigated it are well known to me.

#### "A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

A year or so ago a clergyman related the following story to a large congregation, of which I was one:

He said that God had deigned to teach him a great divine truth through the lips of his little son. He stated that he had two sons, one about eight years old and the other six. That the elder decided that he would begin a stamp collection. In sorting the first few that were secured for him, one of them fell on the floor. The little brother of six jumped to pick it up to help his brother, then paused with it in his hand and said, "Here's a stamp from India." The elder brother and the parents were greatly surprised when the little fellow added: "I lived in India a long time ago, and have seen stamps like it there."

The clergyman explained to his congregation that this led him to investigate the doctrine of reincarnation, and that his little boy, in other things he had said, had proved to him conclusively that he had lived in India in a former life.

#### A REINCARNATED VIOLINIST

When Mr. Hotchener and I were returning to America from India via Japan there was on board a young

Russian lad who was said to be a prodigy—a violinist. One day as the lad was standing on the deck near us, I was looking at him with great interest. His face suddenly disappeared and in its place appeared another—a strange one, in many respects like that of the lad, only much older. I heard clairaudiently the name of a very great violinist who had died about a hundred years ago. I told Mr. H. what I had heard, and described minutely the strange face I saw.

On arrival in Hollywood we were able to secure a photograph of the person whose name I had heard and were astonished to see how much it was like the prodigy we had seen on the boat.

When later he gave concerts in New York the critics were in raptures over the genius of the lad. And these same critics remarked that he was the only violinist who could play correctly certain passages of a composition by the late celebrated —, the genius whose name I had heard on the boat.

#### IN CONCLUSION

These instances of rebirths are those in which I have had some personal association, or knew the people concerned. We have found in them considerable evidential proof. They are only a few among very many others which lack of space prevents relating.

As said in the beginning of this article I have made them public in the hope that my readers may become more interested in the subject of reincarnation, and will accept it as an hypothesis on which to base a serious study, if they are not already believers in it.

They should read the published *Lives of Alcyone*, as well as the *Lives of Orion*, by Annie Besant and Charles W. Leadbeater, for they spent years of difficult and tireless research in reproducing them from the "Memory of Nature." We owe a real debt of gratitude to them for their efforts in this great work to aid students to understand God's Plan for man.

Some people are so apt to read them as interesting stories and then forget them. But this is a great mistake, for

they are replete with valuable lessons in character building, illustrating as they do, when carefully studied and compared, the ways in which the evolutionary processes in rebirths influence the progress of an individual.

In my next article I shall attempt to describe how karma and reincarna-

tion influence in very particular ways one's personality, consciously and subconsciously, in life, in after-death states, and before another incarnation, and how certain practices in character building can help in predetermining permanent desirable factors in future lives.

### *I Know I am Deathless*

I know I am deathless.

I know that this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass;  
And whether I come to my own today, or in ten thousand or ten million years,  
I can cheerfully take it now or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

As to you, Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths.  
No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before.

Believing I shall come again upon the earth after five thousand years.

Births have brought us richness and variety, and other births have brought us  
richness and variety.

—Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*

### *Birth to Death and Death to Birth*

Thus the seer, with vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear  
In the perpetual round of strange  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things unseen before  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid rushing river of time.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

# Recurrence

By Frederic W. Burry  
(Ontario)



FROM different viewpoints, scientists and philosophers (introverts), as well as the extrovert commercial man of the Western world, teach or practise the doctrine of recurrence.

"History repeats itself." Things move in cycles or periods. "I will come again." "Before Abraham was, I am."

And though all may not accept the theory of reincarnation as it is taught and believed by so many in all parts of the world, somehow they seem forced at least to echo the voices of the wise men from the East, and admit the possibility that everything repeats itself. The sceptical suspicious European and American ask: What is it that reincarnates?—and, lacking mathematical preciseness of vision, fail in classifying life into very definite divisions.

So Einstein shows you his figures, his weights and measures, disclosing the finiteness of the universe—a closed system, with space that curves, the doctrine of a time-space continuum, with time presented even as the long disputed fourth dimension of space; and Nietzsche, the profound, announces his doctrine of Eternal Recurrence—for if you go on and on, ever further, further, you simply have to arrive, boomerang-like, where you started.

We keep returning to foundations. Socrates, the "wisest of mankind," at the close of a long life, says, "I know nothing." Amiel even doubts his own doubts—in his scepticism.

The goal—what is it? Rather the way should concern us. And if we only still the lunatic mind and check its curiosities somewhat, how much happier and more productive do the passing days—and nights become!

Work aids in the quelling of the tumultuous thoughts that only represent energy dissipated, when they

might be so creative of tangible results. How much force is wasted in day-dreaming! People who having nothing to do allow their fancies to wander and without delving too deeply into the intricacies of science or philosophy accept strange dogmas, bizarre doctrines, which yield certain thrills and excitements, and let others perform the labor of the world.

Often the theories work considerable mischief, diverting progress for a long time on a fortuitous track, when a steadier thought process would make the path easy and straight.

Perverseness is a mark of human character. The lure of novelty, the desire for extreme sensations brings anything but health, when making the most of existing circumstances and even the conventional ideas would bring satisfactory successful advantages.

Of course, we must go on. And some of us feel urged to be pioneers, and break new ground. We cannot rest in the attitude of ignorance that satisfies the majority. It is comfortable to ignore things, but it leaves one open to disease. Change and growth are imperative. Grow or go—it is Nature's decree.

And so we hark back to the teachings of the ancients, we no longer arrogantly ignore the scriptures of other lands, which have their own particular wisdom. And by a synthesis of different doctrines, we arrive at helpful conclusions, some of which may have to be later abandoned or modified.

Today, the theory of eternal Recurrence has taken hold of thinkers of every range and angle of philosophy. It makes one feel at home in a universe. Giving a decided feeling of solidity and security.

We have been lost. Separation, the long dream of detachment and isolation, with concomitant selfishness have doubtless helped the formation of in-

dividuality. Now comes a time when the prodigal wants to return to his Father's house. The son of man descended into hell; he now rises again and ascends to heaven.

The poets, the artists show us the way:

"Through the long Night-time  
Where the Nations wander  
From Eden past to Paradise-to-be,  
Art's sacred flowers, like fair  
stars shining yonder,  
Alone illumine Life's obscurity.

"O gracious Artists, out of your  
deep hearts

'Tis some great Sun, I think, by  
man unguessed,

Whose rays come struggling thus,  
in slender darts.

To shadow what Is, till Time  
shall manifest."

So sings Edward Carpenter.

Not much illumination can come while one clings to masks and shells, and is under the spell of inordinate affection—a distortion and misplacement of the sacred fire of celestial love. We must cease playing the fool, study divine mathematics, and rise to higher planes.

This does not mean jumping at conclusions, and rashly enumerating or geometrizing at life—adopting some credo that is only a reflection of childish idolatrous phantasy. Most grotesque are some of the preachments as to the number and nature of the different planes, for instance. I once heard a preacher make statements alleged to come from some exalted being who was on "the thousandth plane." We must not allow psychology to degenerate into wild imaginings, or mistake subconscious dreamings for infallible inspirations. It is so easy to allow one's feeble notions to usurp the place of even authoritative utterance. At the same time, one should have a "mind of his own," and not be a mere mouth-piece for any wind or wave of doctrine, or a slavish follower of any peculiar cult or school.

Truth is everywhere. Only so many mistake a little ray for the whole chromatic scheme.

Truth is relative and its kaleidoscopic prisms have many facets. Heaven is a place of varied architecture, with all kinds of mansions, and there are more "folds" than one.

The man-made institutions, all in their way, have a measure of truth to offer: we cannot get along without organization. The personal needs the social for complement.

Extend your love to all. "Among all men my home is." Never mind return. To give is the word. To sow. From invisible, exhaustless resources are poured forth constant replenishment.

If your life goes out *here*, it issues forth *there*.

If your activities are obstructed at one place, they can have an outlet elsewhere—and invariably the forced move is for the better.

You rise by opposition. Dynamics and motion everywhere. Nothing static. No death. Always transmutation. Nothing destroyed. In the great very real and tangible ocean of memory all is preserved. Be still, and mighty suggestions rise from the sea of memory.

To pass and pass—all for the benefit of humanity—for the children of the future—your most vital flesh and blood—all your self.

What prodigious memories the ancients had! It is said that Julius Caesar could remember the names of every man in his million army. It seems incredible and impossible to us. And yet we know that with the conscious mind at rest, entranced people have displayed most extraordinary feats of memory. Some say the subconscious mind has a perfect memory—never forgetting the slightest thought or incident. There is a legend that Gautama Buddha could trace back, step by step, every incident throughout many incarnations.

Yes, we are linked with past, present, and future. United to all. One with all. For there is but one Self—and through the consciousness of ever expanding love, we personally reflect our cosmic life.



# Thinking With Thinkers

## *A Symposium on Reincarnation*

### **Three Fundamental Truths**

There are three fundamental Theosophical truths which transform a man's attitude to life when he begins to apply them. They are:

1. Man is an immortal soul who grows through the ages into an ideal of perfection.

2. The growth of the soul is by learning to coöperate with God's Plan which is Evolution.

3. Man learns to coöperate with God's Plan by learning first how to help his fellow-men.

The first truth tells us that man is a soul and not the body; that the body is merely an instrument used by the soul, and discarded, as at death, when no longer fit for the soul's purposes. It also tells us of reincarnation or the process of repeated births on earth, by which method a soul grows by experiences life after life, slowly growing thereby into wisdom and strength and beauty.

The second truth tells us that the purpose of life is not contemplation but action, and that each action of a man's life should be so guided by understanding that it fits in harmoniously with the Divine Plan of Evolution. The more a soul coöperates with the Divine Plan, the happier, wiser and more glorious he becomes.

The third truth tells us that each man is bound by invisible bonds to all

his fellow-men; that they rise and fall with him and he with them; that only as he helps the whole of which he is a part, does he really help himself. Love of one's fellow-men and altruism in the highest form are therefore the essentials of growth.

These fundamental truths are applicable to every occasion of life, and the Theosophist is he who applies them. Let us see how they can be applied in various departments of human activity.

—C. Jinarajadasa, in  
*Practical Theosophy*

### **Reincarnation**

The transmigration of souls is no fable. . . . Ah! brother, stop the ebb of thy soul,—ebbing downward into the forms into whose habits thou hast now for many years slid. . . .

In all ways does the soul concentrate and reproduce its treasures for each pupil. He too shall pass through the whole cycle of experience. He shall collect into a focus the rays of nature. History no longer shall be a dull book. It shall walk incarnate in every just and wise man.

The Arabians say that Abul Khain, the mystic, and Abu Ali Seena, the philosopher, conferred together; and, on parting, the philosopher said, "All that he sees, I know"; and the mystic said, "All that he knows, I see." If one should ask the reason of this intuit-

tion, the solution would lead us into that property which Plato denoted as *reminiscence*, and which is implied by the Brahmins in the tenet of transmigration. The soul having been often born, or, as the Hindus say, "travelling the path of existence through thousands of births," having beheld the things which are here, those which are in heaven and those which are beneath, there is nothing of which she has not gained the knowledge: no wonder that she is able to recollect, in regard to any one thing, what formerly she knew. "For, all things in nature being linked and related, and the soul having heretofore known all, nothing hinders but that any man who has recalled to mind, or according to the common phrase has learned, one thing only, should of himself recover all his ancient knowledge, and find out again all the rest, if he have but courage and faint not in the midst of his researches. For inquiry and learning is reminiscence all."

It was a poetic attempt to lift this mountain of Fate, to reconcile this despotism of race with liberty, which led the Hindus to say, "Fate is nothing but the deeds committed in a prior state of existence." I find the coincidence of the extremes of Eastern and Western speculation in the daring statement of Schelling, "There is in every man a certain feeling that *he has been what he is from all eternity*, and by no means became such in time." To say it less sublimely,—in the history of the individual is always an account of his condition, and he knows himself to be a party to his present estate.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

### ***The Rationale of Reincarnation***

In his Introduction to *Reincarnation: A Study of Forgotten Truth*, the author, E. D. Walker, gives a succinct and graphic account of the belief in reincarnation through the ages, which we may well quote here: "Although commonly rejected throughout Europe and America, reincarnation is unreservedly accepted by the majority of mankind at the present day, as in all the past centuries. From the dawn of history it has prevailed among the

largest part of humanity with an unshaken intensity of conviction. Over all the mightiest eastern nations it has held permanent sway. The ancient civilization of Egypt, whose grandeur cannot be overestimated, was built upon this as a fundamental truth, and taught it as a precious secret to Pythagoras, Empedocles, Plato, Virgil, and Ovid, who scattered it through Greece and Italy. It is the keynote of Plato's philosophy, being stated or implied very frequently in his dialogues. 'Soul is older than body,' he says. 'Souls are continually born over again from Hades into this life.' In his view all knowledge is reminiscence. To search and learn is simply to revive the images of what the soul saw in its pre-existent state in the world of realities. It was also widely spread in the Neo-Platonism of Plotinus and Proclus. The swarming millions of India have made this thought the foundation of their enormous achievements in government, architecture, philosophy, and poetry. It was a cardinal element in the religion of the Persian Magi. Alexander the Great gazed in amazement on the self-immolation by fire to which it inspired the Gymnosophists. Cæsar found its tenets propagated among the Gauls. The circle of metempsychosis was an essential principle of the Druid faith, and as such was impressed upon our forefathers the Celts, the Gauls, and the Britons. It is claimed that the people held this doctrine so vitally that they wept around the new-born infant and smiled upon death; for the beginning and end of an earthly life were to them the imprisonment and release of a soul, which must undergo repeated probation to remove its degrading impurities for final ascent into a succession of higher spheres. The Bardic triads of the Welsh are replete with this thought, and a Welsh antiquary insists that an ancient emigration from Wales to India conveyed it to the Brahmins. Among the Arab philosophers it was a favorite idea, and it still may be noticed in many Mohammedan writers. In the old civilizations of Peru and Mexico it prevailed universally.

The priestly rites of the Egyptian Isis, the Eleusinian mysteries of Greece, the Bacchic processions of Rome, the Druid ceremonies of Britain, and the Cabalic rituals of the Hebrews, all expressed this great truth with peculiar force for their initiated witnesses. The Jews generally adopted it after the Babylonian captivity through the Pharisees, Philo of Alexandria, and the doctors. John the Baptist was to them a second Elijah. Jesus was commonly thought to be a reappearance of John the Baptist or of one of the old prophets. The Talmud and the Cabala are full of the same teaching. Some of the late Rabbins assert many entertaining things concerning the repeated births of the most noted persons of their nation. Christianity is not an exception to all the other great religions in promulgating the same philosophy. Reincarnation played an important part in the thought of Origen and several other leaders among the early Church Fathers. It was a main portion of the creed of the Gnostics and Manichaeans. In the Middle Ages many scholastics and heretical sects advocated it. It has cropped out spontaneously in many Western theologians. The elder English divines do not hesitate to inculcate preëxistence in their sermons. In the seventeenth century Dr. Henry More and other Cambridge Platonists gave it wide acceptance. The Roman Catholic Purgatory seems to be a makeshift improvised to take its place. Sir Harry Vane is said by Burnet to have maintained this doctrine.

"Even amid the predominance of materialistic influences in Christendom it has a considerable following. Traces of it are found among the aborigines of North and South America, and in many barbaric tribes. All this time it reigns without any sign of decrepitude over the Burman, Chinese, Japanese, Tartar, Tibetan, and East Indian nations, including at least 750,000,000 of mankind and nearly two-thirds of the race. Throughout the east it is the great central thought. It is no mere superstition of the ignorant masses. It is the chief principle of Hindu meta-

physics—the basis of all their inspired books. Such a hoary philosophy, held by the venerable authority of ages, ruling from the beginning of time the bulk of the world's thought, cherished in some form by the disciples of every great religion, is certainly worthy of the profoundest respect and study. There must be some vital reality inspiring so stupendous an existence." . . . .

It may well be asked: Of what practical value is the theory of reincarnation in actual life? How can John or Mary benefit by it? Will it help them, or will it hinder them, in fulfilling whatever they consider to be their purpose in life?

On general principles, it must be clear that, if the theory of reincarnation is true, then ultimately it must be better to know it than not to know it. Eventually we must come to truth; we cannot continue indefinitely basing our lives on what is not true, or on what is less than the whole truth. So much we must admit, on general philosophical grounds.

But what are we to say of the intermediate stages whilst we are still a long way from ultimate and final truth—if indeed there be such a stage? Is it necessary, desirable, or useful for a man or woman to know about reincarnation? Will and should such knowledge be of any practical account in ordinary life in the world?

It would be foolish to offer a cut-and-dried answer to this very necessary question. Life is not, as a great teacher said recently, a cross-word puzzle; we cannot solve living, dynamic problems by hard and fast rules or by cut-and-dried phrases or formulae, that are dead as soon as they are uttered and frozen in the mind. No; living, dynamic questions of life can be answered only by living, dynamic answers. Life is a stream, never the same for two instants in succession. Its problems can be solved only by answers which are also streams, living, moving, changing, adapting themselves to the river of moving, growing, evolving life.

The theory of reincarnation may prove of the utmost service to a man in practical life, or it may be a curse. Everything turns on the use that he makes of the theory. In the east, hundreds of millions of people seem to have made little use of reincarnation in the direction of life. Believing that incarnation follows incarnation, the whole series being determined and willed by exact law, it has been only too easy to slip into fatalism. What I am now is the result of what I was before; I cannot undo the past, hence what is the use of struggling with the present? All is law; the past caused the present; they are one and the same; together they will cause the future. There is nothing for me to do but to stand aside and let events work themselves out in their own way. How can I interfere with or deflect by the breadth of one hair the inevitable and inflexible laws of nature?

That is one view of things; there is also another equally easy to take. If I have all eternity before me, if there stretches in front of me an endless vista of life after life, incarnation succeeding incarnation, then time is my friend, not my enemy. Why do with pain today what can be done quite as well, possibly with far less pain and effort, in my next life, or in the one after, or the one after that? If I wait, all things will become easy; nature will evolve me; my powers and faculties will unfold themselves gradually and sweetly and without effort on my part; why make painful effort and strain myself in this life to do what will be so easy and simple and effortless in some future life?

We venture the opinion that the above attitude to life is perfectly sound and reasonable—for those who like it. It is probably more a matter of temperament than of logic. If one does not want to hurry and take time by the forelock, why should one hustle oneself? Why should one not wait for time and nature to do their work at their normal unhurried pace? Why this mania for speed, for rapid and painfully forced evolution?

To all alike, equally to those who wish to go slowly at nature's comfortable pace, and to those who wish to speed with all haste along the evolutionary path, the same considerations hold good. To all alike reincarnation is a friend; time is a friend; effort is a friend; all experience, pleasurable or painful, is a friend. Evolution, development, is unquestionably part of nature's purpose; all creation shouts it aloud. Nothing that we do can be wasted; every happening in this life must produce its effect on us, however slight that effect may be; some repercussion of that effect must be transmitted to our "tree"—or our "ego," if we prefer that term. Thus its essential value will be incorporated in our innermost being and carried forward for all time, modifying all future experiences in our subsequent incarnations.

Reincarnation destroys for us the sense that anything is futile, that anything is without significance or enduring value. We cannot avoid experience, no matter what we do or what we refrain from doing. If we are supremely idle and do as little as possible, then we are experiencing idleness, and out of that experience something will emerge; a love of idleness, or a dislike of it, according to our temperament.

On the other hand, if we prefer effort, work, activity, vital exploitation of our powers, then reincarnation assures us a full return for every action, however small. If we wish to evolve rapidly, then there is nothing to stop us. At our hands lies the whole of nature's vast mechanism. That mechanism, so far as we know, must work in its own way; it cannot work in any other way; nature cannot disobey her own laws. We possess the power to utilize that mechanism to the limit of its capacity. All power is in nature; we can tap, we can direct, we can appropriate that power. All time is at our disposal, thanks to reincarnation. What use we shall make of these things rests with ourselves, and ourselves alone. All the resources of the universe are at our feet; there is nothing we cannot achieve with these

infinite resources. If and when we will and determine to be Gods, then Gods we shall be. Two principal choices lie before us: We may wait for nature to make us into Gods in her own way and at her own pace. Or we may make ourselves into Gods by compelling nature to do our will, by obeying her and so making her our servant. Each man is free to do what he will. Reincarnation is the great emancipator. And what are birth and death and life? Life is the great romance, the adventure of evolution. Birth and death are but hurdles for the runners of real romance.—Lieut. Colonel A. E. Powell, in *The Rationale of Reincarnation*

### ***Reincarnation of the Ego***

In considering the doctrine of reincarnation it is very necessary to keep in mind the distinction between the relatively permanent and the fleeting parts of man, and to remember that it is the reincarnating *ego* who is the I in us; in other words, to discriminate between the impermanent personality and the more permanent individuality. It is the ego in us that gives us our individual consciousness and our sense of identity, of "I am I"; but it is the personal nature that gives most of us our sense of materially qualified identity, of "I am this." It is a characteristic of consciousness that, in its outgoing activity, it identifies itself with the form it uses, and it is by this that our personal consciousness is built up in many rebirths.

The processes that precede birth may now be considered. The disembodied man desiring further definite and strong experience excites in himself the centers used for the building of new mental and emotional bodies. First a cloud of lower mental matter is gathered round him, of a kind that he has been building into his bodies in recent lives. Then a cloud of astral matter is formed, and finally comes an etheric form, which is attracted to the parents from whom he will take birth. The etheric form is strongly marked with the physical characteristics of the man and reflects in a great measure the attainments of his physical body of

previous lives; so it will impress itself upon the growing physical body of the child, and cause those variations from strict heredity which have been so puzzling to the scientific world. Then, as the physical body grows up towards maturity and gathers its experience, and the rest of the personality is developed, a definite form is produced in the astral and mental matter, as a counterpart of the physical man, by which he is recognizable on those two planes. Thus there is in one incarnation first what may be called a process of descent, then the physical life from birth to death, and then an ascent again in the life after death.

There is a difficulty with the life to come, the question of our admission to heaven after death. Is it to be assumed that our life on earth is really a preparation for our future condition, for if it is not, nothing could excuse the cruelty of a God responsible for such a useless world of pain as everyone endures.

If, on the other hand, our future happiness depends upon our right use of the experiences and opportunities of this earthly life, what is to be the fate of those living souls who have died in earliest infancy, before they were able to face life for themselves, unless they are to be born again? I know that some people will argue in a negative manner, that perhaps it is not by positive well-doing that a soul must earn future happiness. They would say that because a little child had done no wrong it should be admitted into heaven. But that is to say again that this earthly life is purposeless, and that it would be better that all of us should die as little children. Can you imagine the illogicality, infirmity of the mind of a mother who should pray for the early death of her infant, so that it might evade the pain and temptations of life, and gain certain entry to future happiness? No, the only satisfactory conception of the future life is that it shall be the logical and lawful outcome of this one, a continuation of our process of growth, wherein there is no sudden change in our state of being or

character, or in the nature of our environment.

Thus to various types of minds the belief in reincarnation brings real satisfaction—rational, devotional and practical. It brings purpose into life, and also the courage, dignity and sobriety required to carry it out. It brings courage to a man because it shows him that he is exactly what he has made himself by his past thoughts, desires and deeds; because from it he learns to rely upon the law, to trust that it will not fail him but will render to him all that is his, and to know that every effort will bring its due result and that nothing can go astray. It brings dignity to a man. Now he can sum himself up, see what qualities he has and what he needs, and know that everything in him will ripen into something valuable in this wonderful scheme of life of which he is a part. It brings him sobriety because it opens his eyes to the great length and breadth of human life and produces a sense of proportion and a feeling of calm strength. Before this he has met with pains and pleasures of many kinds and he is none the worse for it, and when they come again they cannot affect or disturb his mind as they did before. With these three, courage, dignity and sobriety, born of knowledge, fanning his devotion, guiding his actions, to what ideal shall he not aspire, what future shall he not dare claim!

—Ernest Wood, in

*A Guide to Theosophy*

### **Man's Destiny**

What is the final end of man and humanity, according to esoteric doctrine? After so many lives, deaths, rebirths, periods of calm and poignant awakings, is there any limit to the labors of Psyche? Yes, say the initiates, when the soul has definitely conquered matter, when, developing all its spiritual faculties, it has found in itself the principle and end of all things, then, incarnation being no longer necessary, it will enter the divine state by a complete union with the divine intelligence. Since we have scarcely any presentiment of the spiritual life of

the soul after each earthly life, how shall we form any idea of this perfect life which must follow the whole series of its spiritual existences? This heaven of heavens will be to all former happiness as the ocean is to a river. In the mind of Pythagoras, the apotheosis of man was not a plunge into unconsciousness, but rather creative activity in supreme consciousness. The soul which has become pure spirit does not lose its individuality, but rather perfects it as it rejoins the archetype in God. It remembers all its former existences, which it regards as so many ladders to reach the point at which it embraces and penetrates the universe. In this state, man is no longer man, as Pythagoras said, but demi-god. For in his entire being he reflects the ineffable light with which God fills immensity. For him, knowledge is power, love is creation; being is radiating truth and beauty.

—Edward Schuré, in

*Pythagoras and the Delphic Mysteries*

### **Social Aspects of Reincarnation**

All the Great Seers have by implication or direct teaching stressed the need of the growth of the spirit of understanding which sees in one's fellows an individual like himself who is striving, however wrongfully, after higher attainment. The motive may be different and the method may vary, but each individual, class, and nation desires to make progress towards a fuller life. It is necessary, however, to regard the human family as a unit in which the well-being of each individual is determined by right relationship to the organism of which he is a part; hence the stress laid upon the value of the primary virtues of love, good-will, and fellowship as necessary to progress towards a higher standard of living.

These teachers have all believed and taught that the evolutionary purpose of life was the gradual development of the individual character through many lives of experience, and that this process would finally culminate in the perfecting of the human race. Hence they inculcated methods capable of

promoting alike social and individual progress, for they realized that activities which are actuated by personal or sectional desires do not contribute their full measure to the common weal, and consequently lead to loss and suffering.

It is evident from this teaching, confirmed as it is by practical observation and experience, that to attempt to establish a better social order by methods which take no account of ethical law, would prove as foolish as to endeavor to erect a lofty building capable of withstanding the stress of weather, if in its construction the law of gravitation were ignored.

It should never be forgotten that disease is not produced so much by outside conditions. Its fundamental cause has its rise in disharmony within, brought about in most cases by ignorance of the laws which determine the well-being of the physical organism. The same principle obtains in the social and industrial sphere, and here also enlightened thought and right conduct are the sovereign remedy for all our ills.—Joseph Bibby

### ***A Christian Doctrine***

Shall we *reject evolution* and deny discoveries of Science? Or *accept evolution* of the body only, and become materialists? Or *harmonize Science and Religion* by reviving the early Christian doctrine of reincarnation, which teaches the divine origin and evolution of both soul and body?

The greatest tragedy of Christendom is the loss of the knowledge of God's Plan for man. That Plan is the evolution of the soul, no less than the evolution of the body. Because the knowledge of the Path of Holiness has been lost, present-day ministers and priests are content to limit themselves to the kindergarten of the spiritual life. Almost seventy per cent of our people are unmoved by the influence of Churches, largely because of the crudities and narrowness of theological dogmas.

There is still much of selfishness and sin in the world, and the preaching of today makes little impression upon it. But once teach men that reincarnation

is a fact in nature; that it can no more be circumvented than the law of gravity, and they will eschew evil and sin as if it were a plague. No sane man will plunge his hand into the fire and watch its destruction. Neither will a man, in his right mind, injure another in thought, word or deed, when he knows that that injury will react upon him with minute exactness. Sin and sorrow and pain are always the result of ignorance. A full consideration of this aspect of reincarnation—its relation to divine justice—cannot be entered into now. We are content here to point out that reincarnation is a Christian teaching, of Christ Himself, of Tradition, of the Church Fathers and of the Scriptures, both old and new, while sudden creation of the soul at birth has no authority whatsoever—it is merely "generally accepted," as it used to be generally accepted that the earth was flat. We find that there need not necessarily be a halo of holiness around the speculation of men's minds called theology; that theology and religion are often antagonistic, and that reincarnation is a religious teaching that honors God and exalts Christ.

—Bishop Charles Hampton

### ***Seven Pillars of Reincarnation***

1. All the divine designs and actions are carried on by pure and infinite goodness.

2. There is an exact geometrical justice that runs through the universe, and is interwoven in the contexture of things.

3. Things are carried to their proper place and state by the congruity of their natures; where this fails we may suppose some arbitrary management.

4. The souls of men are capable of living in other bodies besides terrestrial; and never act but in some body or other.

5. The soul in every state hath such a body as is fittest to those faculties and operations that it is most inclined to exercise.

6. The powers and faculties of the soul are either spiritual or intellectual, or sensitive or plastic.

7. By the same degrees that the higher powers are invigorated, the lower are abated, as to their proper exercise.

—Joseph Glanvil, in

*Lux Orientalis*

### **The Evolutionary March**

This physical life is but a fragment of a whole—an incident in the stupendous forward and upward movement of the human race—the camping ground of a day in the evolutionary march, shut off front and rear by the fogs of ignorance. We are the prisoners of the physical senses, temporarily held within their limitations, and we strive in vain to look beyond. We find ourselves in the midst of baffling mysteries of life. Every birth is a miracle. We look with joy upon the mysterious babe and ask ourselves "Whence?" Every death is a tragedy. We dumbly gaze upon the lifeless clay and, with aching hearts, ask ourselves "Whither?"

And thus it has been since time began. We come, we live, we love, we part. And standing in agony by the silent tomb we implore heart and intellect anew to solve this problem of the whence and whither of the human race.

No solution will ever satisfy the human heart that does not rest upon facts and logic. No mere hope of life eternal will comfort the sorrowing. No confidence of assertion will ever banish doubt. The solution must satisfy the intellect, must stand the test of reason, must rest upon the rock of logic. Does such a solution of life's problem exist? Has such an answer to the riddle of the origin and destiny of the human race ever been made?

As a matter of fact the explanation of life's purpose is as old as human understanding. The answer has been ringing through the universe since time began, for all who had ears to hear, and has been known and forgotten, recovered and lost, as civilizations have come and gone in evolution's rhythmic cycles of the past.

Life is necessarily expressed through physical matter until human evolution is finished. The result is ceaseless con-

flict between the spiritual and the material. Sometimes the one, and sometimes the other, is temporarily triumphant. Every soul among us oscillates like a pendulum between the higher aspirations and the lower desires. Every person knows there are periods in his life when he feels a great spiritual uplift and finds it easy to do the good he would, and that there are other times when his desires for worldly things grow strong and bind him closer to material life; times when all the teaching and the preaching of the higher life appeal to him with resistless force, and other times when they fall upon deaf and heedless ears.

Precisely so it is with the composite man we call the human race. The evolution of the race is like the lifetime of one man. It is slowly lifting itself from the bonds of matter. It is swinging a pendulum between the poles of the spiritual and the material. There are times when the race as a whole becomes keenly awake to the spiritual uplift that pulses through the universe. There are other times when it is so completely absorbed in material things and so blinded by matter that it forgets its divine origin and its measureless possibilities. These alternating periods of spirituality and materiality in the life of the race, of spiritual light and material doubt, have succeeded each other as civilizations have dawned and matured and vanished in the mighty play of the cosmic forces; and so it is that what is known in one age has been forgotten in another and recovered in still another; but never has the knowledge of the origin and destiny of the human race completely vanished from physical life. Never has a knowledge of the purpose of life and the method of its evolution disappeared from every portion of the visible world. Somewhere the soul light has steadily burned. Somewhere the flame has been guarded by the sacrificial life of the Elder Brothers of the race, ready to shine forth at the propitious time and once more flood the world with light.

Reincarnation will not seem strange

to us when we have fully and fairly examined it because its facts will agree with all the other facts we know about the universe. They will show that life has a definite purpose, that nature is working steadily toward the fulfillment of that purpose, and that reincarnation is a logical and necessary part of the process.

There can be little doubt about the purpose of life. The process of evolution, that is steadily lifting the human race to nobler ideals, a growing altruism and a grander life, proclaims this purpose so clearly that he who thinks must comprehend. Can it be anything else or anything less than the production of a perfect humanity? Perfection is clearly enough the goal at which all evolution aims—the production of the highest possible type, whether in the vegetable or animal kingdoms. If so, this great law can be working toward nothing less than a humanity from which the last vestige of ignorance, cruelty and selfishness has vanished. This is the work of evolution, physical and spiritual.

“ . . . thro’ the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are  
widened with the process of  
the suns.”

How can a perfect humanity be produced? How can the ignorant become profoundly wise, the selfish become just and the cruel learn the well-nigh impossible lesson of sympathy and compassion? Think a moment of the stupendous change to be made in the race, of the gigantic task evolution has to accomplish in raising all men to godlike perfection, and say whether it can be done in one short physical life!

We can look back upon our lives and see that the world is a school of experience in which we have learned a few lessons. All of us can see mistakes we should be too wise to make again; all of us have learned lessons from the sorrows and heartaches of life that will forever make us more gentle and compassionate. But think of the experience we must yet have to live in perfect peace with all mankind, to

never feel the least resentment, to literally “love thy neighbor as thyself,” and to acquire all knowledge, knowing that what we now possess, compared to what lies beyond our present grasp, is little indeed.

How, then, are the lessons of earth to be learned? By coming fresh to the task life after life as a child goes to his school day after day. So, following the laws of development and the movement in cycles that apply to all things from atoms to suns, we live through a physical life in which we accumulate a certain amount of experience. We then pass through the change called death, which is merely the dropping of the physical body, without affecting our consciousness, into a comparatively brief intermediate life in the astral world where a process of purification goes forward. Here we sink gradually into another change in which the astral body is also left behind and the real man, the conscious, thinking being, passes tranquilly into the mental plane, or heaven world, for a very long period of rest and assimilation. The self-generated forces which brought him here being finally exhausted, he is, through the operation of certain natural laws, drawn back into life in the physical world again and thus continues the journey through this cycle of alternating activity and rest, but at a higher point in evolution than he has ever before reached.

By this method alone does sustained and permanent progress for the race appear to be possible. Both the materialistic theory with its annihilation of the individual consciousness, and the common idea of each soul passing into eternity with its modicum of knowledge to return no more, certainly fall short of the requirements of race evolution. But by reincarnation there is a perfect conservation of energy and constant progress. No single lesson, no fragment of experience, is lost.

One of the difficulties that many people have in seeing the reasonableness of reincarnation is that the reincarnating soul, coming in the visible form of an infant, does not seem in the very

least like a stalwart soul that has been here before. There is apparently nothing in these puny, helpless babies suggestive of our Napoleons, of our Newtons, of our Edisons. On the contrary, they have every appearance of nascent beings. So far as the body is concerned this is true. It is wholly new. And the difficulty lies just here: that people think of this new physical body as fully expressing the soul behind it; but at this age it no more expresses the ego than the first green shoot from the bulb expresses the lily. It is only the vehicle of the soul, the instrument of the ego, through which he is to work in the physical world. For several years he is slowly taking possession of it, and trying to express himself through it with possibly something of the difficulty one who suddenly lost speech might experience in expressing himself with gestures. It is only when the ego has full control of a mature physical body that he could be expected to show forth in all their fullness the powers he expressed at a similar period in his previous life.

Most people are conscious only in the physical body. They can therefore know nothing of their own evolutionary history until they have evolved to the point where the physical body does not limit their waking consciousness. When they can bring the memory of the soul itself into the physical brain they can know of past lives.

If we once admit the evolution of the individual soul to be a fact, and that its evolutionary process will not stop short of the possession of even the highest moral and intellectual qualities that exist in the race, we see at once that one life, and one physical body, are not sufficient for the purpose. In any one life we can evolve only one or two things well, and many others a little. Many a Demosthenes gives a life to oratory and still falls short of

his ideal. In the lives of some of the great musicians you find lacking qualities that are sadly needed. Special attention to one thing means neglect of others, and so we find, all about us, one-sided characters. Geniuses are often notoriously out of balance. We recognize their special attribute as admirable, as valuable, but see the absolute necessity of other qualities to go with it to form the ideal man. Reincarnation makes it possible to get these other qualities, and it thus gives balance to evolution.

Like all other things that have not been much studied, reincarnation is liable to be misunderstood, and one of the commonest misconceptions is that it holds that the souls of men are as liable to be reborn as animals, as to be reborn as men. Not only does Theosophy hold nothing of the kind, but points out that this would be a reversal of the law of evolution. There is no such thing in nature as going backwards from one kingdom to another. Evolution is a movement that is forever upward, to higher and always higher types. It may be swift or slow, it may follow many a by-path and sometimes appear to halt and temporarily suspend its mysterious unfoldment, but it never turns backward to a lower kingdom.

The hypothesis of reincarnation meets all requirements; it is in perfect harmony with the laws of nature and the facts of life; it exactly corresponds to the three great characteristics of the law of evolution; it shows a definite purpose in human existence, and the process by which that purpose can be carried forward to success. It gives new meaning to existence, new strength to courage and new joy to life; for it places that "hope that springs eternal" in the human heart upon the rock of reason and within the realm of natural law.

—L. W. Rogers, in *Reincarnation*



## Reincarnation

By Dr. Gustave Geley

Article Review by M. B.

Perhaps it is not known generally to students interested in the subject of reincarnation that a great deal has been written about it by the brilliant internationally celebrated scientist, the late Doctor Gustave Geley of Paris, France. He published a book called *De l'Inconscient au Conscient*, which has been translated into several languages, and then followed it with several books explaining his remarkable clinical investigations into superphysical phenomena. He perished tragically a few years ago in an aviation accident.

Perhaps the most interesting of Dr. Geley's views on reincarnation were given in reply to a questionnaire on the subject, sent out just about the time the World War began by Dr. Innocenzo Calderone, of Palermo, Italy. Perhaps for that reason Dr. Geley's replies and those of other scientists were neglected and not given the publicity their significance deserved.

Only recently Rider & Co., of London, England, published a booklet of Dr. Geley's answers to Dr. Calderone about reincarnation, which was translated from the French by Ethel Archer. In a foreword to this booklet Dr. Gabriel Gobron, *Licencié-ès-lettres*, Paris, says:

Dr. Calderone's questionnaire has established the fact that several very influential members of the Italian and Polish clergy have openly adhered to the doctrine of successive lives. We may cite amongst others Mgr. Puecher Passavali, of the order of the Capuchins, apostolic preacher to the Holy See and Vicar of St.

Peter's, Rome; the celebrated prelate Towianski; Mgrs. Falcowski and Baycowski, etc. And of celebrated Italian Catholics who have died believing in reincarnation, there is, for instance, Tancredo Canonico, Senator and President of the Supreme Court of Appeal.

And so these notabilities of the Catholic world of today discovered afresh the consoling and logical belief, that, in their time, had captivated such Fathers of the Church as Iamblichus, Origen, St. Jerome, St. Clement of Alexandria, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Pamphilus, and St. Girolamo.

Belief in the transmigration of souls is linked to a tradition the golden thread of which can be traced for more than sixteen centuries, throughout the vicissitudes of history and the spiritual crises of the unenlightened ages. Reincarnation (sometimes presented to the common people under the guise of Metempsychosis) is found at the beginning of Brahmanism and is the keystone of Buddhism. It is the soul of all ancient civilizations: the Hindu *Samsara* becomes, or is, the Japanese *Kakoro*, the Orphic and Pythagorean mysteries, the journey to the Celestial Fields of the Egyptian religion; the *Aleen T. Gilgulah* of the Hebrews; the *Cyclè d' Abred* of the Celts, the pagan Metempsychosis, the old German belief in rebirths (according to the works of Guido von Lizts), the Manichean *Religion of Light* with its aerial vessels, etc.

The ancient world throbbed with this divine hope of multiple rebirths, and it is a significant fact that not only has Christ not pronounced one single word against this doctrine, but on the contrary has voiced reflections which can only loyally be interpreted as being in its favor. It is this that the aforesaid Catholic prelates have understood, indeed, we find Abbe Alta presenting St. Paul to us as one who believed in successive lives.

If we wished to mention the names only of all those who have turned away from the doctrine of eternal punishment as from a blasphemy, to the keen logic and calm justice of the doctrine of reincarnation, we should need whole books.

In his reply to Dr. Calderone's questionnaire Dr. Geley expresses himself as thinking that it "will be of immense interest in view of the indifference, ignorance, or preconceived hostility that it so often encounters, if the matter can be properly dealt with. To this end it is necessary that the persons, savants, thinkers, and philosophers, whose opinion you have asked, should take the trouble to furnish a reply, that shall be in one way studied and reflected, and in another way short and to the point. . . .

"You know, my dear friend, that I am a reincarnationist. I am so for three reasons. Because the doctrine of successive lives seems to me *from the moral point of view fully satisfying, from the scientific seemingly true, and better still, probably true.*

"*The moral aspect of reincarnation* is too well known to necessitate a detailed exposition here. It has its base in the celebrated phrase, immanent justice. This immanent justice is the result of a normal and regular play of terrestrial life.

"The soul never being other than that which it makes itself in the course of its evolutionary development, throughout its successive existences, it follows that its intelligence, character, faculties, and its good and bad instincts are its own work. It must infallibly carry with it then its own consequences.

"Each of its acts, works, efforts, pains, joys, sufferings, errors, and faults has a fatal repercussion, an inevitable reaction in one or other of its existences.

"There is no need then for divine judgment or supernatural sanctions. As has been very happily said, we are rewarded or punished not *for* what we have done but simply *by* what we have done. . . .

"The moral aspect of reincarnation reposes as one sees upon a foundation that is preëminently clear and simple. One immediately sees its practical consequences. It imposes, before all, work and effort; not isolated effort, the struggle for self, but communal effort: for all which favors or retards altru-

istic and general evolution favors or retards that of some member of the community. Base and inferior sentiments such as hate, the spirit of vengeance, egoism, and jealousy are incompatible with the notions of communal evolution and immanent justice.

"The enlightened disciple of reincarnation will avoid quite naturally every act detrimental to altruism and will aid it as far as lies in his power. Confiding in natural law, he will pardon without penalty the misdeeds of which he may have been a victim. He will only regard imbeciles, wicked and criminal persons as being of a lower grade—when they are not insane. He will resign himself to those natural and passing inequalities which are the result of the law of individual effort in evolution, but he will do his best to bring about through service the suppression of disproportionate inequalities, artificial divisions, and unhappy prejudices.

"Finally, he will extend his kindness and pity even to animals, and he will avoid as far as possible causing them suffering or death. . . .

"What one is permitted to affirm is that the true law, that of immanent justice, is always rigorously proportioned to the degree of free will, that is to say, to the intellectual and moral level of the soul. This law does not weigh heavily save on such souls as are sufficiently advanced. It weighs so much the more so, the further they are advanced, because in all probability their deliberate conduct will be, in proportion to their enlightenment, a greater and greater influence upon their progress and their condition of life.

#### PHILOSOPHY OF REINCARNATION

"One might sum up in a phrase by saying: that the *philosophy of reincarnation overthrows all the difficulties opposed to idealism by materialism, all the objections made in the name of logic to the notion of survival.* The first great objection made in all times to the hopes of traditional idealism reposes upon the undeniable fact of evil.

"There is a story that the Japanese

replied to the first Christian missionaries who were trying to convert them: 'How can we believe all that you tell us of the attributes of Divinity? It is one of two things, either God has not wished to punish evil or else He has not been able to. If He has not wished to do so, He is not sovereignly good. If he has not been able to, He is not all-powerful!'

"This naïve reasoning is in reality irrefutable despite all the subtlety of the theologians. The problem of evil has always been a source of inextricable embarrassment for the exponents of the Theistic and providential doctrines. In vain have they tried to find the solution, from the orthodox and infantine conception of original sin, to the audacious and heretical conception of the creator of evil of the Manichæans. They have miserably failed.

"For the philosophy of reincarnation, on the contrary, the problem is one of extreme simplicity. . . . It no longer makes of supreme intelligence, justice and goodness a divine synthesis, extrinsic and creative. It only regards this divine synthesis as a progressive conquest, as the splendid crowning of a slow and painful evolution. . . . *Evil is simply the measure of inferiority of worlds and of souls, or the law of the past.*

"In both cases it is bound to diminish in proportion to evolutionary progress, and proportionately to this progress. In both cases it is useful; it is the principal factor of our advancement. Evil is the goad which punishes us if we remain stationary in our present stage, and which by its painful reactions conducts us or puts us back upon the right road. But, mark this well, evil so understood has only a relative character, transitory and always reparable.

"If these conceptions are true, real evil no longer exists, in the absolute sense of the word; injustice has vanished from the universe, and everywhere, realized or in sight of realization, is a higher ideal of goodness, justice, solidarity, and of love: an ideal hastening on for all individuals the certainty of future happiness in the

endless development of the eternal consciousness.

## OBJECTIONS

"1. The objection based upon the extraordinary and absurd idea of an immortal soul, but having had nevertheless a commencement, coming out of nothingness, and destined after a brief existence to rewards and punishments without end. For reincarnation, the soul is not immortal, it is eternal, and destined to an endless evolution. For reincarnation, there are no punishments without end: there are only sure yet transitory laws, assured by the inexorable laws of evolution.

"2. The objection based upon the no less extraordinary and absurd idea of an immaterial soul. For reincarnation, intelligence, energy and matter are not conceivable separately, they are only modes of the universal substance on the path of evolution.

"3. The objection based upon the gross and traditional conception, so well exploited by materialism, of the central position of the earth, and the central position of mankind.

"From this point of view reincarnation is in accord with astronomy, which shows us our earth as a mediocre star, without special importance, and tends to admit a great number of inhabited worlds. It is in accord equally with anatomy and comparative physiology, which proves that nothing distinguishes man from the lower animals except evolutionary stages, and that the idea of a soul reserved to man alone is scientifically untenable.

"*Immortality*, evidently, could not have commenced at a particular phase of evolution, that of the appearance of the human race. The process of incarnation and disincarnation is not a privilege reserved for mankind alone, *it is the consequence of a natural and general law, embracing all which thinks, which lives and which is.*

## SCIENTIFIC POINT OF VIEW

"However beautiful and satisfying reincarnationist ideas may be, they will not suffice without bringing to the

modern mind the support of scientific proofs—the most important.

"What in reality makes the idea of reincarnation principally attractive is that it is not considered, and is not able to be considered today as the product of revelation or an *a priori* teaching: but is *simply the result of a scientific probability, a probability which, sooner or later, I am sure, will become a magnificent certainty.*

"As I have already done when treating of moral and philosophic presumptions, I will at first condense the scientific proofs. (1) *It is in agreement with all our actual scientific knowledge without being in contradiction with any of it.* (2) *It gives the key to a crowd of psychological enigmas.* (3) *It relies upon a positive demonstration.* Let us study them in succession:

"1. *The philosophy of reincarnation agrees with all our actual scientific knowledge.* I shall not insist upon this point. This philosophy agrees with astronomy, natural history, geology, paleontology, anatomy, comparative physiology, etc. One will search vainly in our heaped-up knowledge for a serious argument to oppose it.

"But what is most striking in this declaration is the agreement of reincarnation with evolution. This agreement is so perfect that most of the inherent difficulties to the doctrine of many lives will soon seemingly be resolved by a knowledge of the theory of reincarnation. Naturalists already find themselves forced to admit that there are unknown factors in evolution more powerful than natural selection and the influence of environment. These essential factors will be revealed to us by the study of the soul's evolution side by side with organic evolution, by the knowledge of the true nature of the Soul—of its principal constituents still hidden.

"2. *The philosophy of reincarnation furnishes the key to a crowd of psychological enigmas.* The principal enigmas are: The innateness of the chief faculties and capacities. Talent and genius. The considerable psychic inequalities that manifest themselves

between those who are neighbors through accident of birth and of life, especially between compatriots and parents; between brothers, even between twins born and brought up under identical conditions. The enormous paradoxical differences between physical and psychic heredity, etc. What explanation has classic psychophysiology preferred to these riddles? Derisory explanations, reducing themselves to *demi-hypotheses, not having begun, even, to submit themselves to demonstration.* It has spoken of variations of the cerebral tissue, which it declares imperceptible and inappreciable, of unperceived causes, of various influences, pathological or otherwise, during life in the womb, of conditions ignored by generation or heredity, of complicated genealogical formations, etc. In short, nothing precise, nothing positive. It is the bankruptcy of classic biology. With the theory of reincarnation, on the other hand, obscurity at once vanishes. These enigmas have their explanation in the plurality of lives.

"The third argument of the scientific order is that of *positive demonstration.* These demonstrations are borrowed, as are the foregoing presumptions, from psychology, but from psychology such as results from the most recent discoveries and researches, from *integral psychology*, embracing at the same time normal, abnormal, and supernormal psychology.

"Integral psychology proves two things: (a) *The theoretical possibility of reincarnations;* (b) *their probability.*

"A. *The theoretical possibility of reincarnations agrees with the evidence of modern works upon the subconscious and cryptomnesia.*

"The important part that the subconscious plays in the higher workings of the mind has been known for a long while. One has even known of the existence of cryptomnesia. One knew that numerous memories, apparently forgotten, were nevertheless not lost and were able suddenly to reappear beneath the influence of emotion, danger, illness, and so on. But

recent psychic discoveries have proved that the importance of the subconscious and cryptomnesia were infinitely greater than we had believed. Researches upon the mechanism of genius, and study of the case of multiple personality in the same person have shown the frightful complexity of the unconscious.

"Then there is the study of hypnotism, somnambulism, and above all the study of mediumistic phenomena which has established its predominant position in abnormal and supranormal psychology.

"It has actually been proved that an essential part of the thinking self—a portion which appears more and more vast and complicated—escapes to a great extent (in the normal life) from the sphere of the conscience and the will, and remains hidden and latent. Nothing is more logical or rational than to suppose that the subconscious, so mysterious and profound, contains in itself the memory and acquisitions of past lives.

"B. *Their probability.* From this it will be easy to establish that reincarnation is not only possible, but that it is probable. The experiences of De Rochas on regression of the memory are sufficient to encourage further research. In default of a direct demonstration, which will be the work of the future, reincarnation sustains its character of probability by indirect proofs that are firmly established. There exists an hypothesis which is in accord with all the ideas of modern science, and which on the sole condition of being accepted in full, explains all the obscure phenomena of normal, abnormal, supranormal, and even of pathological psychology. This same hypothesis overthrows, besides, difficulties of the moral and even of the metaphysical order, which, since the beginning of the human race, have paraded themselves before the conscience and intelligence.

"The theory of reincarnation, with its well-understood train of metaphysical consequences, both moral and social, will repose in the future upon

a base that is firm and henceforth unshakeable."

Space prohibits more detailed excerpts from Dr. Geley's valuable book, but we hope enough has been given to arouse the interest of the reader to a full consideration of this valuable little book.

As an empirical scientist, Theosophists must not expect him to be sympathetic with any mystical ideas on the subject, and there is a strong line drawn between his scientific approach and that of doctrines that are secret, "dogmas, priests, magi, and initiates."

The late Doctor has probably learned ere this that the approach of the Ancient Wisdom lies in the same pathway as that of empirical science, and the day of the recognition of the former is well on to high noon.

#### FURTHER OPINIONS EXPRESSED UPON DR. CALDERONE'S QUESTIONNAIRE ON REINCARNATION

"A law of the soul's evolution, which through the unlimited phases of its becoming, finishes by attaining a perfect and personal will."—Dr. Innocenzo Calderone, *Director de "Filosofia Scienza."*

"If Mgr. Passavali has gone further than certain theologians, what of that? Is astronomy to blame when in order to further its researches it makes use of a powerful telescope instead of a pair of spectacles?"—Attilio Beggi.

"Reincarnation is truly a Christian doctrine reserved for this present age; one of those gospel ideas which God has hidden beneath a veil of mystery and is revealing little by little to an enlightened mankind, to those souls who stand in need of it."—Senator Tancredo Canonico, *President of the Supreme Court of Appeal.*

"To me the theory of reincarnation seems well worth accepting."—Dr. J. Maxwell, *Procureur-General of the Court of Bordeaux.*

"Without doubt reincarnation will have the most far-reaching moral consequences, according to whether more or less of good has predominated in previous lives."—C. D. Zuretti, *Professor at the University of Geneva.*

"Reincarnation will mean the reestablishment of a heaven and a hell, no longer transcendent but immanent. It will be the triumph of justice and virtue through means of our actions."—A. Ferrière, *Professor at the University of Geneva.*

"In his writing on successive lives Giuseppe Mazzini has set forth in a most simple and convincing fashion the moral and social value of the doctrine of reincarnation."—Francesco Porro, *Professor at the University of Genoa*.

"Amongst all the sages of the East and West who have held this doctrine must be numbered Dante Alighieri, who believed himself to be a reincarnation of the Emperor Trajan."—Paolo Visani Scozzi, *Doctor of Florence*.

"Perhaps the most outstanding fact in favor of reincarnation is the existence of mathematical prodigies amongst whom are children from 3-10 years of age."—Giuseppe di Giorgi, *Engineer, Palermo*.

"Infant prodigies have within them the germ of a faculty that was over-developed in their previous life, and which in the present life rapidly asserts itself."—Charles Lancelin, *Author of "Occultism and Science"*.

"The best and oldest of all beliefs."—Schopenhauer, *The philosopher and author of "Recollections of Occult Sciences"*.

"The doctrine of reincarnation and of successive lives is the only one which casts a vivid light on the problem of human destiny. Without it life presents nothing but contradictions, uncertainties, and shadows. Reincarnation alone explains the infinite variety of characters, points of view, and environments"—Léon Denis, *The Apostle of Spiritualism*.

"There was never a belief more beautiful, more just, more pure, more moral, richer, more consoling, and, up to a certain point, seemingly more true."—Maurice Maeterlinck, *Author of "Death"*.

"The Reverend Mr. Forbes relates the story of a clergyman, who when visiting a Roman fortress, stated that he could fully remember having been in command there in Roman times."—Vincenzo Tummolo, *Professor at the University*.

"In the Gnostic Gospel, *Pistis Sophia*, one comes across many allusions to the idea of rebirths. Synesius, Bishop of Ptolomais (350-431) believed in it."—R. G. Macbean, *British Consul in Sicily*.

"Amongst the Fathers of the Church Origen has given clearest teaching upon the pre-existence of the soul."—E. Izard, *Palace of the Prince, Monaco*.

"How clear the words of Plato appear: 'To learn is but to remember.'"—Decio Calveri, *Rome*.

"More or less obvious traces can be found in Franklin, Victor Hugo, Goethe, Fichte, Schelling, Lessing, and Hume, who declare that reincarnation is 'the only doctrine of immortality' worthy to be taken into consider-

ation by a philosopher."—M. Antonia Taranto, *Judge of the Court of Palermo*.

"Not only is there nothing anti-scientific in this theory, but it agrees with the great doctrine of *monism* even to the point of its being possible to confound the two."—C. de Vesme, *Author of "The History of Experimental Spiritualism"*.

"Reincarnation is a theory that is neither self-contradictory nor paradoxical. It agrees with much of ascertained fact, rests upon observation and experiment, and has every claim to scientific recognition."—Gabriel Delanne, *Engineer of the Central School, Author of "Documents for the Study of Reincarnation"*.

"Reincarnation says to all men, 'Life is the time to sow. Sow now all that you wish to reap later. For justice is a veritable fact, and everything that you do has value for the future.'"—Pierre Cornillier, *Author of "La Survivance Humaine"*.

## Great Authors and Reincarnation

Western authors who wrote upon reincarnation: Schopenhauer, Lessing, Fichte, Herder, Henry More, Sir Thomas Browne, Chevalier Ramsay, Soame Jenyns, Joseph Glanvil, Dowden's *Shelley*, Hume, Southey, William Blake, William Knight, W. A. Butler, Bulwer, Pezzani, Emerson, James Freeman Clarke, William R. Alger, Francis Bowen, Frederick H. Hedge, Sir Humphrey Davy, Leibnitz, Scotus, Kant, Schelling.

Western poets: Hayne, Whittier, Taylor, Landon, Aldrich, Leland, Thompson, Willis, Trowbridge, Longfellow, Lowell, Whitman, Parsons, Wordsworth, Gosse, Alford, Milnes, Tennyson, Rossetti, Addison, Bailey, Sharp, Tupper, Browning, Leyden, Coleridge, Miss Tatham, Dr. Donne, Collins, Matthew Arnold, Boyesen, Hugo, Béranger, Goethe, Schiller, Campanella, and others. Nearly all the poets profess it.

Theosophical leaders like Julius Müller, Dorner, Ernesti, Rückert, and Edward Beecher have maintained reincarnation. In exalted intuitional natures like Boehme and Swedenborg its hold is apparent. Most of the mystics bathe in it. Of course, the long line of Platonists from Socrates to Emerson wrote of their beliefs in it.

—E. D. Walker, in *Reincarnation*



## Correspondence

### H.P.B.'s Visit To Peru

EDITOR, WORLD THEOSOPHY:

In the article "Travels of H.P.B." which appears in the Centenary Number of the magazine, no mention is made of H.P.B.'s visit to Peru. But she has been there twice, and gives a brief relation of these voyages in *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II, Chapter VII (Spanish edition, 1912), with interesting descriptions of subterranean passages containing a royal sepulchre of the Incas and "incalculable treasures accumulated by them during many generations."

As it is said that a group of Masters of the Wisdom has its retreat somewhere in the Andes, it appears to be most probable that the objective of those repeated visits to Peru was to find these Masters, and it is more so because she was being guided through the country by a "mysterious Peruvian," who handed to her a plan of the subterranean passages and their concealed entries.

C. ERCK,  
Emboscada, Paraguay.

The passages in *Isis Unveiled* to which the writer refers are to be found in the edition of 1901 in English, Vol. I, page 595. We reprint for the benefit of those who do not possess the book:

The ruins which cover both Americas, and are found on many West Indian islands, are all attributed to the submerged Atlanteans. As well as the hierophants of the old world, which in the days of Atlantis was almost connected with the new one by land, the magicians of the now submerged country had a network of subterranean passages running in all directions. In connection with those mysterious catacombs

we will now give a curious story told to us by a Peruvian, long since dead, as we were traveling together in the interior of his country. . . .

The story concerns the famous treasures of the last of the Incas. The Peruvian asserted that since the well-known and miserable murder of the latter by Pizarro, the secret had been known to all the Indians, except the *Mestizos* who could not be trusted. It runs thus: The Inca was made prisoner, and his wife offered for his liberation a room full of gold, "from the floor up to the ceiling, as high up as his conqueror could reach" before the sun would set on the third day. She kept her promise, but Pizarro broke his word, according to Spanish practice. Marvelling at the exhibition of such treasures, the conqueror declared that he would not release the prisoner, but would murder him, unless the queen revealed the place whence the treasure came. He had heard that the Incas had somewhere an inexhaustible mine; a subterranean road or tunnel running many miles under ground, where were kept the accumulated riches of the country. The unfortunate queen begged for delay, and went to consult the oracles. During the sacrifice, the chief-priest showed her in the consecrated "black mirror"\* the unavoidable murder of her husband, whether she delivered the treasures of the crown to Pizarro or not. Then the queen gave the order to close the entrance, which was a door cut in the rocky wall of a chasm. Under the direction of the priest and magicians, the chasm was accordingly filled to the top with huge masses of rock, and the surface covered over so as to conceal the work. The Inca was murdered by the Spaniards and his unhappy queen committed suicide. Spanish greed overreached itself and the secret of the buried treasures was

\*These "magic mirrors," generally black, are another proof of the universality of an identical belief. In India these mirrors are prepared in the province of Agra and are also fabricated in Tibet and China. And we find them in Ancient Egypt, whence, according to the native historian quoted by Brasseur de Bourbourg, the ancestors of the Quichès brought them to Mexico; the Peruvian sun-worshippers also used them. . . .

locked in the breasts of a few faithful Peruvians.

Our Peruvian informant added that in consequence of certain indiscretions at various times, persons had been sent by different governments to search for the treasure under the pretext of scientific exploration. They had rummaged the country through, but without realizing their object. So far this tradition is corroborated by the reports of Dr. Tschuddi and other historians of Peru. But there are certain additional details which we are not aware have been made public before now.

Several years after hearing the story (of the Peruvian Inca), and its corroboration by the Italian gentleman, we again visited Peru. Going southward from Lima, by water, we reached a point near Arica at sunset, and were struck by the mournful attitude of the shore, apart from the range of the Andes. It was the tomb of the Incas. As the last rays of the setting sun strike the face of the rock, one can make out, with an ordinary opera-glass, some curious hieroglyphics inscribed on the volcanic surface.

When Cusco was the capital of Peru, it contained a temple of the sun, famed far and near for its magnificence. It was roofed with thick plates of gold, and the walls were covered with the same precious metal; the eave-troughs were also of solid gold. In the west wall the architects had contrived an aperture in such a way that when the sunbeams reached it, it focused them inside the building. Stretching like a golden chain from one sparkling point to another, they encircled the walls, illuminating the grim idols, and disclosing certain mystic signs at other times invisible. It was only by understanding these hieroglyphics—identical with those which may be seen to this day on the tomb of the Incas—that one could learn the secret of the tunnel and its approaches. Among the latter was one in the neighborhood of Cusco, now masked beyond discovery. This leads directly into an immense tunnel which runs from Cusco to Lima, and then, turning southward, extends into Bolivia. At a certain point it is intersected by a royal tomb. Inside this sepulchral chamber are cunningly arranged two doors; or, rather, two enormous slabs which turn upon pivots, and close so tightly as to be only distinguishable from the other portions of the sculptured walls by the secret signs, whose key is in the possession of the faithful custodians. One of these turning slabs covers the southern mouth of the Liman tunnel—the other, the northern one of the Bolivian corridor. The latter, running southward, passes through Trapaca and Cobjo, for Arica is not far away from the little river called Pay'quina, which is the boundary between Peru and Bolivia.

Not far from this spot stand three separate peaks which form a curious triangle; they are included in the chain of the Andes. According to tradition the only practicable entrance to the corridor leading northward is in one of these peaks; but without the secret of its landmarks, a regiment of Titans might rend the

rocks in vain in the attempt to find it. But even were some one to gain an entrance and find his way as far as the turning slab in the wall of the sepulchre, and attempt to blast it out, the superincumbent rocks are so disposed as to bury the tomb, its treasures, and—as the mysterious Peruvian expressed it to us—"a thousand warriors" in one common ruin. There is no other access to the Arica chamber but through the door in the mountain near Pay'quina. Along the entire length of the corridor, from Bolivia to Lima and Cusco, are smaller hiding places filled with treasures of gold and precious stone, the accumulations of many generations of Incas, the aggregate value of which is incalculable.

We have in our possession an accurate plan of the tunnel, the sepulchre, and the doors, given to us at the time by the old Peruvian. If we had ever thought of profiting by the secret, it would have required the coöperation of the Peruvian and Bolivian governments on an extensive scale. To say nothing of physical obstacles, no one individual or small party could undertake such an exploration without encountering the army of smugglers and brigands with which the coast is infested; and which, in fact, includes nearly the whole population. The mere task of purifying the mephitic air of the tunnel, which had not been entered for centuries, would also be a serious one. There, however, the treasure lies, and there the tradition says it will lie till the last vestige of Spanish rule disappears from the whole of North and South America.

### *Casting Off the Shackles*

DEAR EDITOR, WORLD THEOSOPHY:

Last night I visited a museum of fine art. Many and beautiful were the objects displayed there, but my eyes could not behold the work of man's hands, for my vision was filled with men's poverty and sordidness.

Another night I attended a concert given by a great master. Inspiring and ennobling were the perfect renditions there heard. And yet—my ears could not hear them, for they were filled with the wailing of man's sorrow and heart-break.

Humanity has fallen beneath the lash of cruel Selfishness—Hunger, Pestilence, Sorrow and bitter Shame slink to do her bidding. The World is crying piteously for aid. The cry is, "Give money!" Ay, give money, but do not think to cure the malignant cancerous growth with money. The hunger of the body is a transient thing, but the hunger of Life endures forever—feed it.

Feed it with greed and passion—feed it with love and hate—feed it with every action, emotion and thought that binds man to the Wheel of Birth and makes of him a slave to self.

And in the end feed it with the very Self that cries for Life. Then and only then will Humanity cast off the galling shackles and stand free while those dread specters of Disease and Woe disappear in the wake of their creator. ANA, Flint, Mich.



## Stories of Reincarnation

### A Little Child Remembers

One day in Santa Barbara, California, a man by the name of Roberts came to a trained clairvoyant who is also a lecturer on Theosophy and asked for help in a perplexing case. Mr. Roberts had been walking in the street the previous day when a little three-year old girl came up to him and put her arms around his knees, calling him papa. Mr. Roberts was indignant, thinking that someone was trying to father the child on him. But the mother of the child, who came up directly, was equally put out and tried to get the child away. The child, however, kept on clinging to Mr. R., insisting that he was her father. On account of circumstances to be told later Mr. R. could not put it out of his mind, and sought out the clairvoyant, who accompanied him to the house of the child's parents, where the little girl at once ran up to Mr. R. and again called him papa. The clairvoyant, whom I will call X, first took the child over to the window to note whether the iris of the eye would expand and contract when he turned her to and from the light, in order to see whether another entity than the rightful owner was in possession of the child's body, for the eye is the window of the soul and no "obsessing" entity can secure control of that part. Mr. X. found, however, that the child was normal, and next proceeded to question the little one carefully. After patient work carried on intermittently during the afternoon, so as not to tire the child, this is the story she told:

She had lived with her "papa," Mr. Roberts, and another "mama" in a little house that stood all alone, where no other house could be seen; there was a little brook close to the house where some flowers grew (and here she ran out and brought in some "pussy-willows"), and there was a plank across the brook which she was cautioned against crossing, for fear she might fall into the brook. One day her papa had left her mother and herself and had not returned. When their supply of food was exhausted her mamma lay down on the bed and became so still. At last she said quaintly, "Then I also died, but I didn't die. I came here."

Mr. Roberts next told his story. Eighteen years before, he lived in London, where his father was a brewer. He fell in love with their servant girl. His father objected, so he

eloped with her to Australia after they had first been married. Here he went out into the bush and cleared a little farm, where he erected a small cabin by a brook, just as described by the little girl. A daughter was born to them there, and when she was about two years old he left the house one morning and went to a clearing some distance from the house, and while there a man with a rifle came up to him, saying that he arrested him in the name of the law for a bank robbery committed on the night Mr. R. had left England. The officer had tracked him here, thinking him the criminal. Mr. R. begged to be allowed to go to his wife and child, but, thinking this a ruse to entrap him into the hands of confederates, the officer refused and drove him to the coast at the point of the gun. He was taken to England and tried and his innocence proven.

First then did the authorities take heed of his constant ravings about his wife and child, who he knew must starve in that wild and lonely country. An expedition was sent out to the cabin, when it was found that only the skeletons of the wife and child remained. Mr. Roberts' father had died in the meantime, and though he had disinherited Mr. R., his brothers divided with him and he came to America a broken man.

He then produced photographs of himself and his wife, and at the suggestions of Mr. X. they were mixed with a number of other photographs and shown to the little girl, who unhesitatingly picked out the photographs of both her alleged former parents, although the photograph shown was very different from the present appearance of Mr. Roberts.—M. Heindel, *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*

### A Monk's Memory

A friend of mine put up for the night once at a monastery far away in the forest near a small village. He was travelling with an escort of mounted police, and there was no place else to sleep but in the monastery. The monk was, as usual, hospitable, and put what he had, bare house-room, at the officer's disposal, and he and his men settled down for the night.

After dinner a fire was built on the ground, and the officer went and sat by it and talked to the headman of the village and the monk. First they talked of the dacoits and of crops,

unfailing subjects of interest, and gradually they drifted from one subject to another till the Englishman remarked about the monastery, that it was a very large and fine one for such a small secluded village to have built. The monastery was of the best and straightest teak, and must, he thought, have taken a very long time and a great deal of labor to build, for the teak must have been brought from very far away; and in explanation he was told a curious story.

It appeared that in the old days there used to be only a bamboo and grass monastery there, such a monastery as most jungle villages have; and the then monk was distressed at the smallness of his abode and the little accommodation there was for his school—a monastery is always a school. So one rainy season he planted with great care a number of teak seedlings round about, and he watered them and cared for them. "When they are grown up," he would say, "these teak-trees shall provide timber for a new and proper building; and I will myself return in another life, and with those trees will I build a monastery more worthy than this." Teak-trees take a hundred years to reach a mature size, and while the trees were still but saplings the monk died, and another monk taught in his stead. And so it went on, and the years went by, and from time to time new monasteries of bamboo were built and rebuilt, and the teak-trees grew bigger and bigger. But the village grew smaller, for the times were troubled, and the village was far away in the forest. So it happened that at last the village found itself without a monk at all: the last monk was dead, and no one came to take his place.

It is a serious thing for a village to have no monk. To begin with, there is no one to teach the lads to read and write and do arithmetic; and there is no one to whom you can give offerings and thereby get merit, and there is no one to preach to you and tell you of the sacred teaching. So the village was in a bad way.

Then at last one evening, when the girls were all out at the well drawing water, they were surprised by the arrival of a monk walking in from the forest, weary with a long journey, footsore and hungry. The villagers received him with enthusiasm, fearing, however, that he was but passing through, and they furnished up the old monastery in a hurry for him to sleep in. But the curious thing was that the monk seemed to know it all. He knew the monastery and the path to it, and the ways about the village, and the names of the hills and the streams. It seemed, indeed, as if he must once have lived there in the village, and yet no one knew him or recognized his face, though he was but a young man still, and there were villagers who had lived there for seventy years. Next morning, instead of going on his way, the monk came in to the village with his begging-bowl, as monks do, and went round and collected his food for the day; and in the evening, when the villagers went to see him at the monastery, he told them

he was going to stay. He recalled to them the monk who had planted the teak-trees, and how he had said that when the trees were grown he would return. "I," said the young monk, "am he that planted these trees. Lo, they are grown up, and I am returned, and now we will build a monastery as I said."

When the villagers, doubting, questioned him, and old men came and talked to him of tradition of long-past days, he answered as one who knew all. He told them he had been born and educated far away in the south, and had grown up not knowing who he had been; and that he had entered a monastery, and in time became a Pongyi. The remembrance came to him, he went on, in a dream of how he had planted the trees and had promised to return to that village far away in the forest.

The very next day he had started, and travelled day after day and week upon week, till at length he had arrived, as they saw. So the villagers were convinced, and they set to work and cut down the great boles, and built the monastery such as my friend saw. And the monk lived there all his life, and taught the children, and preached the marvelous teaching of the great Buddha, till at length his time came again and he returned; for of monks it is not said that they die, but that they return.—H. Fielding Hall, *The Soul of a People*

### A Reincarnated Lama

In her book *Mystics and Magicians in Tibet*, Alexandra David-Neel tells the following story of a reincarnated lama:

The mansion of the Pegyai Lama, in which I lived in Kum-Bum, was the dwelling of a minor *tulku* called Agnaitang. Seven years had elapsed since the death of the last master of the place and none had been able to discover the child in whom he was reincarnated. I do not think that the steward of the lama's household felt greatly afflicted by that circumstance. He managed the estate and seemed rather prosperous.

Now it happened that in the course of a trading tour, he felt tired and thirsty and entered a farm to rest and drink. While the housewife made tea the *nierpa* (steward) drew a jade snuff-box from his pocket and was about to take a pinch of snuff when a little boy who had been playing in a corner of the room stopped him and putting his small hand on the box asked reproachfully:

"Why do you use my snuff-box?"

The steward was thunderstruck. Truly, the precious snuff-box was not his, but belonged to the departed Agnaitang, and though he had not perhaps exactly intended to steal it, yet he had taken possession of it. He remained there trembling while the boy looked at him as his face suddenly became grave and stern, with no longer anything childish about it.

"Give it back to me at once, it is mine," he said again.

Stung with remorse, and at the same time

terrified and bewildered, the superstitious monk could only fall on his knees and prostrate himself before his reincarnated master.

A few days later, I saw the boy coming in state to his mansion. He wore a yellow brocade robe and rode a beautiful black pony, the *nierpa* holding the bridle. . . . all proceeded to his private apartment where tea was to be served.

As he had not yet been admitted into the religious Order, he was not allowed to wear the ecclesiastic robes.

The boy, seated on a pile of large hard cushions, looked at the cup with silver-gilt saucer and jewelled cover placed on the table before him.

"Give me the larger china cup," he commanded. And he described one, mentioning the very pattern that decorated it.

Nobody knew about such a cup, not even

the steward, and the monks respectfully endeavored to convince their young master that there was no cup of that kind in the house. . . .

"Look better, and you will find it," he said.

And suddenly, as if a flash of memory had dashed through his mind, he added explanations about a box painted in such a color, which was in such a place in the store-room.

Less than half an hour later the set, cup, saucer and cover, was discovered in a casket that was at the bottom of the very box described by the boy.

"I did not know of the existence of that cup," the steward told me later on. "The lama himself, or my predecessor, must have put it in that box which did not contain anything else precious and had not been opened for years."—*The Australian Theosophist*

## Succession of Births

We find the doctrine of metempsychosis, springing from the earliest and noblest known ages of the human race, always spread abroad on the earth as the belief of the majority of mankind. . . . In the succession of births, the persons who now stand in close connection or contact with us will also be born again with us at the next birth, and will have the same or analogous relations and sentiments towards us as now whether these are of a friendly or a hostile description. . . . Constantly as the pieces played and the masks worn upon the stage of the world may change, yet the players remain the same throughout. . . . the decomposition and reconstruction of a personality, in which process the will alone persists, assumes the form of a new organism and receives a new intellect.—Schopenhauer



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